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ELINOR PRESTON;

OR,

SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

(Continued from our last.)

We had now reached the College gates, and my father, who had all the way been unusually silent, roused himself from a profound reverie to hand out the ladies. Dillon extended his hand with a gracious smile to Miss Delany, but the light-hearted girl bounded past him with a merry laugh, and the discomfited youth stood looking after her with a comical expression of blank amazement depicted on his countenance. My father laughed heartily, and, tapping Dillon on the shoulder, said, gaily: "Never mind, Arthur, never mind; 'the worse luck now, the better again,' you know. Come along, and see Alfred made over to the Jesuits."

"May I have the honor, Miss Elinor?" said the dandy, presenting his elbow with a low bow, so very low that I could not bring myself to refuse. So I took his arm as my mother did my father's, and into the hall we all went, and thence were shown into the reception-room, a noble apartment, ornamented with portraits of the principal saints of the Society of Jesus. We were very soon joined by the Superior, a tall, dignified personage, rather in the decline of life, with a grave and placid countenance, and a smile of winning sweetness. He was already well acquainted with my father and mother, and received us all with the simple, unaffected urbanity which ever distinguishes the true religious. He inquired kindly for George, and seemed pleased to hear that he was becoming rather more studious than usual. In a few moments we were all quite at our ease, and Dillon so far forgot his professed dislike of the Jesuits as to partake with evident good will of the refreshments offered by the good father.

Alfred was rather in low spirits at first, and the sight of my mother's dejected countenance made him feel none the better, but the Superior managed to give the conversation so cheerful a turn that the dullest of us caught its genial influence, and when we came to bid good-bye to Alfred, after a ramble through the College grounds, he seemed perfectly satisfied to be left behind.

"You will find Alfred rather piously inclined, Father," said my dear mother, retaining the hand of her favorite son yet another moment, "I have some hopes that he may prove to have a vocation for your order."

"Indeed?" said the Superior, with a smile; "then, if it be the will of God, we shall have him a second Stanislaus Kotska. A decided manifestation of piety in one so young—especially of our own sex—is very uncommon in this age of the world. George was not overburdened with piety. We here always considered that his tastes and propensities were decidedly of a martial character. He *may* make a good lawyer, but I am rather inclined to doubt it, inasmuch as he has not patience enough to carry him through the earlier drudgery of that profession."

My father expressed himself of a contrary opinion. "Well, well!" said the courtly priest, with his bland smile, "I dare say you know him best, Mr. Preston. However, madam," to my mother, "we shall try hard to make a Jesuit of your Alfred."

He then bowed us out with many kind wishes for our health and happiness. "Of course they will," said my aunt, as she took her seat in the carriage, my father and Carry being to return in the gig, with the stipulation, on Carry's part, that she was to drive.

"What do you mean, my dear Kate?" inquired my mother.

"Why, that they will be *very sure* to try hard to keep Alfred in their order. It is not every day they happen on a Preston. Well! God grant him grace any how to have true vocation—we can wish nothing better for him!"

It was now the cool of the evening, and nothing could be more reviving to mind or body than the balmy freshness of the air, richly laden, as it was, with the delicious perfume of the hawthorn blossoms wafted from the hedges on either side. Here and there from about the stems of the bushes peeped out the blushing wild-rose, its then frail petals already moist with dew. The yellow primrose and the pale blue-bell, enamelled the green sloping banks beneath the hedges, and Dillon, as the only gentleman in the carriage, had to get out more than once to "make up a nosegay" for our petted Carry.

We were whirling along at a rapid rate towards one of the outlets of the metropolis, when Carry clapped her hands joyfully and cried: "Stop, stop, I tell you?—don't you see Susy Broadigan there under the tree?"

And sure enough there sat Susy the apple-woman, by the side of a large basket heaped with currants and gooseberries, her staple article being not yet in market. She had overheard Carry's exclamation, and her broad red face was radiant with smiles as she called out: "Ah! then, God's blessin' be about you, Miss Carry dear! sure it's yourself that's always glad to see poor Susy!"—rising, and making at the at the same time a low curtsey to my mother, "an' the rest o' the quality, long life to them!"

"Why, Susy," said my mother, "what brings you out here?"

"Well, ma'am, to tell you the truth, I found business a little slack the day in the city within, so I thought I'd try my luck a little farther afore the fruit would begin to spoil on my hands."

"Were you at the house to-day?" my mother asked.

"Oh yis, ma'am, I paid the cook a visit as usual this mornin' early—bedad it wouldn't do to neglect that, for many a good bit an' sup I get there that the children wouldn't have any other way! The Lord reward you an' yours, ma'am, an' may ye never want a friend when ye need one! I hope the master and the young gentlemen are all well!"

"Very well indeed, thank you!"

"The Lord keep them so," said Susy fervently, as she popped herself down again on the stone which served her for a seat.

All this time Dillon had been eyeing the fruit-vender with a contemptuous, quizzical look, as though he considered her quite a curiosity, and, finding the carriage about to move on, he thought he ought to raise a laugh at her expense.

"I say, Susanna!" said he, "where do you buy your paint? I do admire the colors of your cheeks—its lovely—its divine!"

"What's that you say?" cried Susy in a raised voice, "is it axin' me where I buy my paint—I'll soon tell you that, Mister Arthur Dillon—I buy it where your ould father bought his, when he used to be hawkin' knives and scissors an' things round the city, an' keepin' a stand on Carlisle Bridge. Not but what he was a dacenter man than ever *you'll* be. D'ye hear that, sir? Sure it's full of your fun you are this fine summer's evening; but that'll tache you not to be makin' your game of God's poor!"

"Fie, fie, Susy," said my mother, "why do you speak so to the young gentleman?"

"Gentleman, indeed!" cried Susy disdainfully, "he's no more a gentleman, ma'am, than your coachman there. I ax you pardon, ma'am, for makin' you such an answer. Gentleman indeed!" she repeated, and we could hear her grumbling and talking to herself as the carriage drove off.

"Well, Mr. Dillon! what do you think of Susy's tongue?" said Maria with more than her accustomed archness; "don't you think there is something in the old proverb that *its ill meddling with edged tools?*"

"What an excessively vulgar creature!" replied the dandy, still laboring under the effects of his well-merited castigation.

"For whom do you intend that compliment?" said Maria laughing. "For Susy or myself, which?"

"Oh! for Susy—of course," he replied with unusual energy; "could you for a moment suppose, my dear Miss Delany, that any man could be found to speak to you in such terms?"

"Can't say!" replied the provoking fair one, with a doubtful shake of the head, "tastes are different, you know. I wonder now," she added, assuming a thoughtful air, "how it would work were Susy and myself to change places. Were I selling gooseberries by the quart, and Susy riding in a carriage with such good company, real or supposed inheritor of the goods and chattels of Miles Delany, Esquire, of Marlborough street, in this city;—query: would not my elegance, &c., &c., and her excessive vulgarity, change sides? Ah, flattery! your name is man!"

Poor Arthur was so overpowered by the crushing weight of Maria's sarcasm, following so quick on Susy's fierce rebuke, that he kept silence the remainder of the way, notwithstanding the good-natured exertions of my mother and aunt.

But why indulge in these minute details of scenes so long past, scenes which can now have little interest for any, since most of the actors have passed from this world. Still these detached and fragmentary reminiscences have an indescribable charm for myself in the loneliness and isolation of my present lot. I love to people my solitude with forms from the past, from the warm, sunny, well-remembered days of early youth, when associates were all friends, loving and beloved, and the veiled future shone with transcendent brightness in the warm glow of young imagination. Ah, futurity! futurity! how seldom do you pay back the golden promises of the youthful heart! how seldom do you improve on acquaintance! Phantom!—shadow! what are you? You, whom we are always pursuing, but never overtake! You who promise so much, and do so little! You who steal our life away moment after moment, with your illusive hopes, till the gates of death bring us to a sudden stand, and opening before us, reveal you to us, real and substantial, in all the splendor of celestial bliss, or in the hideous misery of Pluto's realms. Futurity! you delude me no longer—here, your power is at an end—the feverish dream is past, and I can look you in the face without fear, or hope, as regards this world.

From this time forward our family began to drop off. About a week after our visit to Clongowes, my poor mother caught cold one evening during a moonlight stroll on the beach at Blackrock, where we had gone to spend a few days. Her constitution had never been to say strong, and she had been visibly declining since a few months after Carry's birth. This cold, though, at first, considered of trifling importance, in the end cost us that most precious life, for it ended at last in rapid consumption, which in six weeks carried her to her grave, and left us all desolate. It was night, and a sorrowful night to us. Alfred had been summoned from College, and he and George hung over my mother's bed with the still, mute sorrow of those who were about to lose their hope, their pride—for my mother's rare excellence, her tender, loving heart, and her exquisite sympathy for our childish troubles endeared her to us all, while her talents and accomplishments made us proud of her. Her sons, especially, valued her worth, and I do believe they, neither of them, ever forget the unutterable sorrow of that night when, after receiving the last rites, with the beautiful dispositions of the true Christian, she calmly breathed her last, having previously obtained a promise from my aunt that she would never leave us. The final parting was much softened to my dear mother by Alfred's voluntary assurance that he would, with God's assistance, join the Society of Jesus.

"Heaven bless you, my son!" murmured the dying parent, "Heaven bless you for that word. I am so glad—so thankful!"

"Well, mamma!" said Emily in her soft sweet voice, "if that makes you glad, I, too, can give you pleasure. I will be a nun."

"A nun! my beloved Emily!—and where?"

"In Cabra Convent, mamma! I have had it in my mind ever since we were present at Helen Mooney's reception."

My mother raised her feeble hands and eyes to heaven in pious fervor, then turning to me, she said with something like her wonted smile: "And what of my Elinor?"

My heart was too full to answer, and I turned away to hide my tears, but Carry threw herself down beside my mother, and whispered in her ear: "Mamma! I wont stay here after you. If God takes you, he may just take me, too, and I want you to ask Him when you go to heaven if He won't let me go."

This touched my mother's heart more than all the rest, for Carry was her youngest and best beloved. So great was her agitation that my father was forced to tear Carry away, and he had barely time to return to the bed-side when the priest who had just entered, made a sign for us all to kneel and to hush our wailing. He at once commenced the prayers for the dying, and before he had read them through, the sudden cessation of my mother's laboring breath made him pause and look towards her. She was dead, and without giving us time to discover our loss, he passed on to the Prayers for the Dead! Dreary transition! who has not felt its awful import—what Christian has not shuddered at the thought that the soul which but a moment before animated that lump of clay is already before its Judge, receiving its eternal sentence. But how much more terrific is the sudden cessation of the life-pulse, when

the heart thus stilled for ever was the heart that loved us best—when the life that has but now looked its last on this world, was a lamp of light, a fount of love to us—when the inanimate body before us is that of a beloved parent, the head and heart of an entire family !—ah ! it is then indeed that death *has* a sting !

The hushed stillness of our sorrowing household during many weeks of mourning was strangely contrasted with the whirl of wild excitement going on in the world without. It was the memorable year of '43, when the country was agitated

"From the centre all round to the sea"

with the outbursts of popular feeling on the great Repeal Question. The genius of O'Connell had evoked the full measure of enthusiasm latent in the crushed heart of Ireland, and the people arose the island over in the new-born consciousness of numerical strength, determined to have their rights—if they could be obtained without bloodshed. Some there were who prognosticated that the people once thoroughly aroused, and made sensible of their own strength, would eventually cast off all restraint, break from their moorings, and launch out on the broad sea of revolutionary excess. But these people reasoned from analogy. They knew not the elements of which Irish nationality is composed, or rather the foundations on which it rests: they knew not the deep heart of Ireland, nor the hold which religion has on all the feelings and faculties of the people. It was the year of the Monster Meetings, perhaps the greatest moral phenomena this age of ours has witnessed. The voice of the great Liberator re-echoed through the island, as he called on the people to come forth in their might to stregthen his arm in the great moral-force war he was waging against the colossal power of England. And the people obeyed his call, and like Lazarus of old, they came forth from the grave of sluggish despondency, alive to their rights as men and prepared to do the bidding of the mighty master who held the fulcrum of the national lever. Truly that was, as O'Connell himself wrote, an unparalleled state of things, "with the people boiling up at every side, but still obedient, as if they were under military command. Not the least shadow of danger of an outbreok, or of any violence—tranquillity the most perfect.*

Our family, being in deep mourning, went but little into public, so that we missed seeing many of the popular gatherings. My father, however, managed to see a few of them, and even he, with his rather phlegmatic temperament, contrived to catch a portion of the enthusiasm which pervaded all classes. He had gone in O'Connell's train to Mullaghmast, and there witnessed the first appearance of the great *Repeal Cap* with its wreath of golden shamrocks. The all but military uniform of the Repeal leaders quite took his fancy, and he could not talk of anything else for some days after. It was nothing but how this one looked, and how that one looked in "the uniform."

"And I'll tell you what it is, Kate," said he to my aunt who sat opposite in my mother's place, "if you had seen Tom as he stood there on the hill by the side of his chief, you wouldn't turn up your nose at him if he came a-wooing again."

My aunt half-smothered a rising sigh. Perhaps she did begin to repent of her cavalier treatment of Tom, but it would never do to *say* so, and she cut my father very short with an exclamation which was anything but complimentary to the absent swain.

"Well, more fool you!" said my father with assumed seriousness, "you'll never get such another chance while your name is Kate Preston. Mind my words !"

Aunt Kate smiled scornfully, and her barrel curls literally rose on end in a paroxysm of family pride. "For a Preston," said she, "*no* marriage at all is better that a low one. But I forgot," observing that he changed colors, "that cap fits too well—it is rather tight, I see."

"Well! well! Kate, for God's sake, let us not quarrel—there are but two of us in it now. Are you going to Cabra to-day with the girls? Emily, my love," drawing her to him, "why are you in such a hurry to leave us? You will have all your life to spend in the convent, then why not give us a reprieve of some days before you shut yourself up for ever?"

"My dear papa," Emily replied, "life is short at the best, and I have as yet done little for eternity. Every day I spend here is so much more time given to the gratification of self. In affairs of this kind, delays are dangerous—do not ask me to stay longer !—do not, papa—my own dear papa !—if mamma were alive, you know she would be glad to see me going for such a purpose."

"She would be glad, and yet sorry, child," said my father in a tremulous tone, and pushing back his chair, he walked to the window, leaving the chop which he had taken on his plate, untasted. Two or three times he cleared his throat, looked out into the street as though much interested in something he saw there, then walked back to where Emily sat, and laid his hand on her head:

"*She* would not have prevented you from going—neither will I, Emily. I feel it is the will of God, and I know it is all for the better. I'll be home about three—so mind and be all ready for the start." He was going, but my aunt called after him:

"Why, Harry, you have eaten nothing. Come back and finish your breakfast!"

But my father only smiled and shook his head as he vanished through the doorway. For myself I had not been able to say a word, for somehow my heart was heavy—very heavy, as though with a sad presentiment of evil.

George had had an early breakfast, and was gone to his office, and Carry was staying with a friend at Rathmines, so our family-party was small that morning. It was "growing small by degrees," as we sensibly felt, at times.

As soon as breakfast was over, Emily said to me in a loud voice that she would like to see mamma's grave once more—"just to take a last look," she added with a smile that was painfully sad and tender.

"What's that she says?" inquired my aunt whose hearing was rather impaired of late. I repeated Emily's words.

"Poor child! poor child!" murmured the soft-hearted old maid, "its only right she should have her wish. Run, Elinor dear, and tell Larry to get out the carriage. But stay! stay!—I'll ring!—it is not the thing for young ladies to give such messages to servants—that is, men-servants."

She rang accordingly, and imperative commands were transmitted to Larry, to lose no time in getting out the carriage.

"Lord bless my sowl!" said Larry, from the foot of the kitchen stairs, "isn't the ould madam in the d—l of a hurry this morning!—I hope she'll wait till we feed the horses anyhow!—I suppose they want a bite as well as their neighbors!"

We were passing through the hall at the time and the sound of Larry's grumbling voice reached my aunt's ear. "What *is* the fellow talking about?" she said, raising her own voice at the same time.

"Oh! nothing in the world, Miss," replied the supple-tongued groom still from below, "only about the horses, the cratures!—I'm goin' to give them a bite of oats, an' after that, Miss, we'll be ready in no time."

We drove to Glassnevin, and each of us, not excepting Aunt Kate, had "a good cry" over my dear mother's grave. Emily in particular remained long kneeling with her face bowed down over the monumental stone which recorded the name and age of the deceased, with the customary prayer for the repose of her soul. Having indulged our grief for some time beside the narrow house wherein the dearest of parents awaits the resurrection, we paid a short visit of charity to the grave of Mrs. Delany, who had gone the way of all flesh some few weeks before.

Shall any one ever read this story who has visited Cabra Convent in the summer time? Does that vision of perfect beauty (the still, calm beauty of a convent), and of exquisite neatness rise before the reader's memory, as he or she looks through blinding tears, as I do now, on the page of my *simple story?* Did any one ever see a richer profusion of flowers, and especially roses—red, blushing roses of every species!—than the good nuns of Cabra have trained around their home? Even the far-famed roses of the vale of Cashmere, albeit that our national poet describes them as

"—— roses the brightest that earth ever gave,"

could hardly exceed the roses of Cabra as I now see them bloom through the softening haze of memory. The house itself, the little chapel, the dormitories, the well-kept grounds and nicely-*pebbled* walks, are all in perfect keeping, making up a scene

"Where holy contemplation loves to dwell."

And the gentle, graceful inmates, with their bland attentions to visitors, their soft low voices all attuned to harmony, what wonder is it that so many of their pupils return after a few years' experience of the bustling, noisy, frothy world, to seek peace and happiness in that earthly paradise. Sweet Cabra!—home of my infant years—home of my sister's heart—how often do I think of your "hush'd repose" and ask within myself

Are the thrush and the linnet a-singing there yet,
"Are the roses still bright" over Emily's grave?

But where was I? somewhere about our starting for the convent. Well! we left Emily there that same afternoon, and on the following morning we drove out again to see her received, a ceremony which is one of the most touching within the whole range of the Catholic ritual. Never had our Emily looked so beautiful as she did when having exchanged her rich light-colored satin (worn that day specially for contrast) she returned up the aisle habited as a novice of the Presentation Order and bearing a lighted taper, her small chiselled features shaded by a close cap, and her dark, lustrous eyes hidden beneath their long, drooping lashes. My father wept as his eye followed her, and George had enough to do "to keep in," as he told us after. My aunt put her handkerchief to her eyes more than once with that graceful delicacy of touch on which she prided herself not a little. When all was over, and we on our way home (Carry having gone back some half dozen times to snatch a last kiss from Emily), Aunt Kate said that Emily looked every inch a Preston—"she really did!" said she, "and somehow she reminded me all the time of my cousin Maude Preston who was afterwards Abbess of an English convent."

"Was that the steward's daughter, Kate?" said my father somewhat maliciously.

"She was the daughter of Lord ——'s agent, Harry," said my aunt very stiffly, as she bent over to arrange Carry's wayward curls, the glossiest and fairest of ringlets. I should say in parenthesis, that Carry had been sent for on the previous evening, in order to witness Emily's reception.

"Well, whatever she was," said my father, with something like his old smile, "she was no disgrace to the family if she looked like my Emily." And again the tears filled his eyes and choked his voice. His paternal heart was full.

To this proposition my aunt cheerfully assented, and then a long pause ensued, and before any of us was aware that we were so near the city, the carriage rattling over the rough, antique pavement of Stoney-batter, and on through the rather stylish thoroughfares of Queen street, and Blackhall Place. Poor Dublin! Dear Dublin! how familiarly do your streets and squares rise before me, though years have passed—long, changeful years—since I trod them last. But who that knew you as I knew you, has ever forgotten you or yours, beloved metropolis of my own dear land!—who that has known them can ever forget the warm, loving hearts, and buoyant spirits and cultivated taste, that made your sons and daughters the best and kindest, and most fascinating of companions.

(To be continued.)

* Private Letter to Richard Lalor Shell, written in Richmond Prison.

THE WIT OF SAMUEL FOOTE.

"Mr. Foote was a man of wonderful abilities," says Garrick, "and the most entertaining companion I have ever known." "There is hardly a public man in England," says Davies, "who has not entered Mr. Foote's theatre with an aching heart, under the apprehension of seeing himself laughed at." "Sure if ever one person," says Tate Wilkinson, "possessed the talents of pleasing more than another, Mr. Foote was the man." "Upon my word," writes Horace Walpole, "if Mr. Foote be not check'd, we shall have the army itself, on its return from Boston, besieged in the Haymarket." Such and so various were the emotions once inspired by him whose name is not thought even worthy of mention, by lecturers aiming to be popular, among the Humorists and Satirists of the eighteenth century.

The strength and predominance of Foote's humor lay in its readiness. Whatever the call that might be made upon it, there it was. Other men were humorous as the occasion arose to them, but to him the occasion was never wanting. Others might be foiled or disabled by the lucky stroke of an adversary, but he took only the quicker rebound from what would have laid them prostrate. To put him out was not possible. He was talking away one evening, at the dinner-table of a man of rank, when, at the point of one of his best stories, one of the party interrupted him suddenly with an air of most considerate apology, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Foote, but your handkerchief is half out of your pocket." "Thank you, Sir," said Mr. Foote, replacing it; "you know the company better than I do:" and finished his joke. At one of Macklin's absurd Lectures on the Ancients, the lecturer was solemnly composing himself to begin when a buzz of laughter from where Foote stood ran through the room, and Macklin, thinking to throw the laughter off his guard, and effectually for that night disarm his ridicule, turned to him with this question, in his most severe and pompous manner. "Well, Sir, you seem to be very merry there, but do you know what I am going to say, now?" "No, Sir," at once replied Foote; "*pray, do you?*" One night at his friend Delaval's, when the glass had been circulating freely, one of the party would suddenly have fixed a quarrel upon him for his indulgence of personal satire. "Why, what would you have?" exclaimed Foote, good-humoredly putting it aside; "of course I take all my friends off, but I use them no worse than myself, I take *myself* off." "Gadso!" cried the malcontent, "that I should like to see:" upon which Foote took up his hat and left the room.

No one could so promptly overthrow an assailant; so quietly rebuke an avarice or meanness; so effectually "abate and dissolve" any ignorant affectation or pretension. "Why do you attack my weakest part?" he asked, of one who had raised a laugh against what Johnson calls his *despeditation:* "did I ever say anything about your head?" Dining when in Paris with Lord Stormont, that thrifty Scotch peer, then ambassador, as usual produced his wine in the smallest of decanters and dispensed it in the smallest of glasses, enlarging all the time on its exquisite growth and enormous age. "It is very little of its age," said Foote, holding up his diminutive glass. A stately and silly country squire was regaling a large party with the number of fashionable folk he had visited that morning. "And among the rest," he said, "I called upon my good friend the Earl of Chol-mon-dely, but he was not at home." "That is exceedingly surprising," said Foote: "what! nor none of his pe-o-ple?" Being in company where Hugh Kelly was mightily boasting of the power he had as a reviewer of distributing literary reputation to any extent, "Don't be too prodigal of it," Foote quietly interposed, "or you may leave none for yourself." The then Duke of Cumberland (the *foolish* Duke, as he was called) came one night into the green-room of the Haymarket Theatre. "Well, Foote," said he, "here I am, ready, as usual, to swallow all your good things." "Really," replied Foote, "your royal highness must have an excellent digestion, for you never bring any up again." "Why are you forever humming that air?" he asked a man without a sense of tune in him. "Because it haunts me." "No wonder," said Foote, "you are forever murdering it." One of Mrs. Montagu's blue-stocking ladies fastened upon him one of the routes in Portman square with her views of *Locke on the Understanding*, which she protested she admired above all things; only there was one particular word very often repeated which she could not distinctly make out, and that was the word (pronouncing it very long) *ide-a;* but I suppose it comes from a Greek derivation." "You are perfectly right, Madam," said Foote; "it comes from the word *ideaowski*." "And pray, Sir, what does that mean?" "The feminine of idiot, Madam." Much bored by a pompous physician at Bath, who confided to him as a great secret that he had a mind to publish his own poems, but had so many irons in the fire, he really did not know what to do: "Take my advice, Doctor," says Foote, "and put your poems where your irons are." Not less distressed on another occasion by a mercantile man of his acquaintance, who had also not only written a poem but exacted a promise that he would listen to it, and mercilessly stopped to tax him with inattention even before advancing beyond the first pompous line, "*Hear me, O Phœbus, and ye Muses nine!* pray, pray be attentive, Mr. Foote." "I am," said Foote; "nine and one are ten; go on."

The only men of his day, putting aside Johnson's later fame, who had the least pretensions to compare with him in social repute, were Quin for wit, and Garrick for powers of conversation. But Quin was restricted to particular walks of humor; and his jokes, though among the most masterly in the language, had undoubtedly a certain strong, morose, surly vein, like the characters he was so great in. Foote's range, on the other hand, was as universal as society and scholarship could make it; and Davies, who was no great friend of his, says it would have been much more unfashionable not to have laughed at Foote's jokes, than even at Quinn's.

STEELE ADVERTISED.—When Steele first went up to London to reside, he was forced to quit his first lodgings by reason of an officious landlady, who would be asking him every morning how he had slept. He then fell into an honest family, and lived very happily for above a week, when his landlord, who was a jolly, good-natured fellow, took it into his head that he wanted company, and would, therefore, frequently come into his chamber to keep him from being alone. This the victim bore for two or three days; but the intruder telling him one morning that "he was afraid he was *melancholy*," he thought it was high time for him to be gone, and at once took new lodgings. About a week afterwards, he found that his jolly landlord, who was an honest, hearty man, had put him into an advertisement in the daily papers, something in this wise: "Whereas a melancholy man left his lodgings on Thursday last, in the afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Islington, if any one can give notice of him to R. B., fishmonger, in the Strand, he shall be well rewarded for his pains."

The Irish *Quarterly* will in future appear on the 1st of July, October, and January, and April, and the price be 5s. instead of 2s. 6d.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,
OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER II.

O'Connell's Election as Lord Mayor—O'Flanagan, Burdett, and Brougham—O'Connell and F. W. Conway—Letter from John O'Connell on his Father's Election—O'Connell in the Mayor's Court—Walking-sticks.

O'CONNELL worked hard to secure his triumph at the approaching election of Mayor. At length the important day arrived—the first of November, 1841. At the City Assembly Room, in William street, a large concourse of persons were congregated, nine-tenths of whom were eager to witness the triumph which awaited the popular party. Of the actual voters, the relative numbers were, as I have already mentioned, forty-seven O'Connellites to thirteen Tories. Professor Butt, on the part of the Tories, made a show of opposition by proposing Sir Edward Borough as candidate for the Mayoralty. The learned Professor's speech contained no indecorous personalities—he principally labored to show that O'Connell was disqualified by his political position from filling the office of Lord Mayor, inasmuch as the election of the leader of the national party could not be looked upon otherwise than in the light of a political triumph. One of the Tory Aldermen, named Boyce, said that before he could vote for O'Connell, he would ask him a question; on the answer to which would depend whether he should support or oppose him. "How will the learned gentleman," continued Mr. Boyce, "act in his capacity of Lord Mayor upon the Repeal question?"

Mr. O'Connell immediately said:

"I cannot have the slightest objection to answer the question of Alderman Boyce. If I be elected Lord Mayor of the city of Dublin, I pledge myself to this, that in my capacity of Lord Mayor no one shall be able to discover from my conduct what are my politics, or of what shade are the religious tenets I hold. In my capacity of a man, however, I am a Repealer,—A Repealer—to my last breath a Repealer,—because I am thoroughly, honestly, conscientiously, though it may be mistakenly, convinced that the Repeal of the Act of the Union would be fraught with the richest benefits to our common country, and would be in an eminent degree calculated to advance the interests of all classes of her Majesty's subjects in Ireland. As a man I hold this—as a man I speak thus. But my conduct as Lord Mayor shall not be such as to give the slightest indication of my political bias, but it shall in every instance, I trust, be characterized by tolerance, and liberality; and evidence the strict impartiality and unswerving integrity of an honest man."

Speaking afterwards of Mr. Boyce's question, "Ah!" said O'Connell, "he thought he would have been able to entrap me into some pledge to discontinue the Repeal agitation!"

As the moment approached when O'Connell's election—without a division—became inevitable, the excitement and enthusiasm of the assembly were uncontrollable. Alderman Keshan, the chairman, announced the result; upon which a peal of the most tremendous applause burst from the entire meeting. In token of respect to the newly-chosen chief magistrate, the whole council rose *en masse*—Tories as well as Liberals—and continued uncovered.

O'Connell then took from Aldermen Keshan and Butler the customary declaration, after which ceremony Alderman Keshan vacated the chair, and the Lord Mayor immediately assumed the presidency. A storm of cheering ensued, which lasted for several minutes. When it had subsided, O'Connell said:

"I fear that I am, in a certain degree, infringing on the pledge of impartiality by which I have bound myself, in permitting this ebullition of feeling. (Cries of 'No, no,' from both sides.) I thank you most cordially for the generosity with which you have contradicted me. If I have done wrong, it is my first fault, and so I throw myself upon your kind consideration. Happy, indeed, shall I consider myself if I shall be able always to preserve, unbroken, the resolution which I have so freely taken. If I have outraged it in any respect, however trivial, to-day, I can only say I am sorry for it, and will take care it shall be my last offence. (Cheers.) No man ever assumed the lofty office to which I have now been promoted with a higher sense of its important duties — of its momentous charge, and of its practical utility, even in the details of its working out, than I do; and most ardently do I hope that my own conduct, and that of the gentlemen of mine own political persuasion, with whom I am allied, may be such as to set a glorious example to the world of the manner in which Irishmen, who differ widely as the poles in political principles, and in the higher points of religious belief, may yet unite together in harmony of spirit, and perfect unanimity of purpose, and may with faithfulness, honesty, and truth, go hand-in-hand with each other on a grand and national question, the design and motive of which is to promote the welfare of all without distinction. I shall certainly make it the study of my life to palliate, if not absolutely to justify, the high eulogiums which my too kind friends have bestowed upon me; and there is no possible effort which I will leave unessayed to convince those who have opposed me to-day that they were mistaken, most fatally mistaken, as to my impulses and my motives, that there is no notion on the subject of the strictest impartiality, no conception with regard to the most unswerving integrity of purpose and of action which they may have imagined to themselves, that they will not find realized, to the utmost of my ability, in me."

O'Connell then proceeded to speak exclusively on business; adverting to the abuses which still existed, and enforcing the necessity of their correction. During this address, Mr. Arkins entered with the crimson velvet robe of office, which O 'Connell immediately put on, in the midst of peals of merriment, excited by the novelty of the learned Mayor's appearance in the corporate garb.

When the business of the day was at an end, the new Lord Mayor made his appearance at a window, accoutered in his robe and cocked hat. The sight of O'Connell, enrobed in the official paraphernalia, the spoils won from prostrate Orangism—was a signal for a vociferous cheer of the most intense delight. The multitude shouted, and threw up their hats; he addressed to them a few sentences, which were scarcely heard amidst the tumult of their ecstacy. "He's the finest Lord Mayor we ever saw!" exclaimed the delighted crowd. And, truth to tell, he looked extremely well in his robes.

"How little," said he to me, in the course of the day, "did those Tories expect from me the sort of speech I made! They thought I would have given them a political harangue, but I kept close to the details of business.

Arrived at his house in Merrion Square, O'Connell got out on the balcony, in order to gratify the thousands who had followed him with a short address.

"This," said he, "is a great triumph! A great revolution has this day been consummated. Fifteen years ago, who would have ventured to say that I would be Lord Mayor of the city of Dublin; yet I now address you as the chief magistrate of this great metropolis. Let them tell me, if they dare, that I won't carry the Repeal of the Union: and that I, who am now the Catholic Lord Mayor of Dublin, elected by the popular voice, shall not have the still greater honor of being elected to serve you in the Irish House of Commons. Yes, I shall yet address the Speaker of the Irish Parliament in College Green. (Tremendous cheers.) I am now the guardian of your rights; it shall be my duty to use every energy to promote and advance the interests of your city, to encourage morality, and discountenance vice. In doing so, one great means shall be, to use my utmost endeavors for the spread of teetotalism. Oh! give me my honest teetotaler. My friends, you have gained a great and glorious triumph—you have gained that triumph in a manner worthy of yourselves—your triumph is one of peace—that of liberty over oppression—of religious equality over sectarian exclusiveness. In your struggle for this great end no riot, no tumult, no bloodshed, has characterized your proceedings—there is nothing to cloud your joy. Enjoy, then, your triumph in the same spirit as that in which it has been achieved. This is, indeed, a great day for Ireland. We can triumph over the enemies of our country without injury to any man—without insult, or molestation, or offence. We want to be superior to none—we are now their equals in everything, and it is not for us to seek for more—we never wanted more—we are satisfied with equality—we now have it carried into practice. Let your triumph be unstained with any breach of the law or of the peace. Remember I am now your Lord Mayor, and I must have every man punished who breaks the peace! I am now your chief magistrate—to me you have intrusted the peace and tranquillity of your city. I need not tell you that in that capacity I will, to the utmost of my power, practice the strictest impartiality, and in everything, I know, I can rely on your support, and cordial co-operation. You are all, or the most of you, at least, are water-drinkers. It is unnecessary, then, for me to tell you to go home in quiet, injure no man, offend, insult, molest no man. This is a blessed day—our church has set it apart in honor of the congregated saints. Is it not a blessed day for Ireland? Enjoy your triumph, then, in a manner worthy the sanctity of the day. Let your demeanor be characterized by kindliness, beneficence, and charity to all men; and when you retire to your homes give honor to an all-bounteous Providence, who has given you to see the realization of such blessings for your long-afflicted country."

In the evening he had Steele, FitzPatrick, and a few other intimate friends to dine with him. "I believe," said he, when the cloth was removed, "I am the only Lord Mayor whose ears were not tickled up to this period with the reiteration of 'My Lord.'"

None of the party addressed him by his new title; after a few congratulations, not so much on his appointment to the civic chair, as on the increased facilities of serving Ireland afforded by his new position, the conversation rambled away into anecdote. FitzPatrick, who always had something bizarre to tell, mentioned an old oddity, named Griffin, who had lived some forty years before in Dublin, and who had felt a strong desire to see a lame man dance, and to hear the fiddle played by a deaf man, who knew nothing of music. Accordingly, Griffin invited his lame friend, and his deaf friend, to dine with him. As soon as they were arrived in his dining-room, he locked the door, pocketted the key, and desired them to sit down to table. The party consisted only of the eccentric host and his guests. Opposite each was a covered dish. On removing the covers, a small violin appeared on the dish next the deaf man. On the lame man's dish was an excellent piece of roast beef; and on Griffin's was a loaded pistol. "Not a morsel of that beef shall either of you taste," cried Griffin, "until *you*, sir," (to the deaf man) "play the fiddle; and *you*, sir," (to the lame man) "dance to his music." The guests demurred, but Griffin brandished the pistol, and his known eccentricity seemed to render compliance the safer course. The deaf man accordingly rasped away, and his lame friend capered to his scraping—Griffin being all the while in ecstacies at the grotesque gambols and the execrable discord. As soon as he got tired of this amusement, he allowed his guests to eat their dinner.

O'Connell said he had known a county Sligo man, named Flanagan, who had made some noise by detecting a number of forged names to an anti-Catholic petition. He invited Burdett and Brougham to dine with him at the Thatched House tavern. They had an excellent dinner; but Flanagan, when they had dined, recollected that he had no money; and left the room to offer his silver watch in pledge at the bar. "If the fellow had not offered any pledge," said O'Connell, "but had merely promised to call on the morrow, he might, probably, have got credit till the next day, in consideration of the company with whom he was seen. But the *silver watch* was an evidence of vulgar poverty, and credit was of course refused. Burdett and Brougham overheard the wrangle at the bar, and on learning its cause, paid thirty shillings each for their dinners—a process which neither of them liked!"

Something led to the mention of Sir Walter Scott and his politics. O'Connell was asked if his brother John had not refused Sir Walter a stag-hunt at Killarney. "Yes," he answered, "and he was quite right to refuse him. Why should he pay any compliment to the Scotch bigot, who, just before coming to Ireland, had gone out of his way to exhibit himself at an anti-Catholic meeting?"

O'Connell spoke of his sojourn at St. Omer's. He said that when travelling in France at that period, he encountered in the diligence a very talkative Frenchman, who incessantly poured forth the most bitter tirades against England. O'Connell listened in silence; and the Frenchman, surprised at his indifference, at last exclaimed:

"Do you hear—do you understand what I am saying, sir?"

"Yes—I hear you, I comprehend you perfectly."

"Yet you do not seem angry!"

"Not in the least."

"How can you so tamely bear the censures I pronounce against your country?"

"Sir, England is not my country. Censure her as much as you please, you cannot offend me. I am an Irishman, and my countrymen have as little reason to love England as yours have—perhaps less."

In the course of the evening, FitzPatrick said to me.

"This is really a delightful triumph! And how strongly it exhibits throughout the characteristic traits of O'Connell! There is no situation in the world, sir, in which that man would not feel himself perfectly at home. There, now, to-day he was quite as much at his ease, presiding in that council as Lord Mayor for the first time in his life; gliding through all the duties with perfect facility; laying down the law to the remnant of the Tories, after blowing up the Orange nest sky-high. There he was, just as much at his ease, sir! as ever he was in the Corn Exchange. And he does things that no other man could do! For instance, after he and Conway had been at open war for many months, and had given each other some hard knocks, I said to him one day, 'I think you ought to make it up with Conway.' He thought for a moment, and then said, 'I'll do it!' So away he walked to Conway's office, and on arriving there, our illustrious friend installed himself into Conway's editorial *sanctum*. Conway was out when he arrived, and on entering he did indeed look considerably thunderstruck! After their recent bitter warfare, he would as soon have expected to find the Cham of Tartary in his office as O'Connell. But Dan, not the least embarrassed, extended his hand and spoke a few kind words, and from that day to this they never have fought. His readiness to forgive an enemy, or to renew an old friendship suspended by misunderstanding, is always very great."

How O'Connell's appointment to the mayoralty was viewed in his own family, will appear by the following letter from John:

"Darrynane Abbey, Nov. 4, 1841.

"MY DEAR FATHER:—If ever postbag was anxiously watched for, and its news *shouted* for, it was to-day, when we at last got the news of your election as Lord Mayor. You have one more triumph before you, infinitely greater indeed, that of seeing the Parliament of Ireland once more sitting in Ireland; but next to that glorious and certain event is your election of Monday. You have a legally recognized lordship from *the people*, utterly unconnected with court favor, or aristocratic usage. In short, a most democratic dignity; and one that gives you not only the power, which you will use, of being eminently serviceable to the citizens of Dublin, but also the aditional power of being even yet more useful to Ireland than you have yet been; *and this I think you will also use!* We rejoice, my dear father, that Dublin has paid you such a tribute of respect as to take you for its first freely chosen chief magistrate; but still more that you should thus have opened to you an additional and most available means of advancing that great measure, which will be the compensation for all your labors and sufferings—as it is, and has been, the great object of your life—the raising Ireland to her proper condition as a nation. The importance to Ireland of your present position is as yet scarcely considered or known

"I can well imagine the ecstacy of the poor people. It is time for them to have some triumph, and to have a friend and friends in the Corporation. Ray, too, must be in great delight: and no man merits the pleasure of the triumph better than he—who has worked so hard to organize and carry on the struggle for it.

"There are a thousand inquiries here, and most anxious hopes that you will be at Darrynane after this month. You ought indeed make an effort to come, and break through all minor restraints. You will want some fresh air, if only for three or four weeks; and after the wet summer and autumn that we have had, it will go very hard if we do not have good weather with the hard frosts." * * * *

But O'Connell's duties as chief magistrate opposed an additional barrier to his annual visit to the country. On Thursdays he held his weekly court in Green street. On the first day's sitting the court was, of course, extremely crowded. The tipstaves tried to clear it. "Let all persons leave the place that haven't business," shouted Traill, one of these functionaries who had been retained from the former corporation.

"In Cork," said O'Connell, "I remember the crier trying to disperse the crowd by exclaiming —'All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers quit the the coort!'"

Among the cases on the first day, was a claim for some alleged arrear of wages made on a Catholic priest. The priest brought proofs of the claimant's utter incompetence as a servant; but the Lord Mayor decreed the amount sought for.

"It amuses me much," said he, "to think that on the very first day of my sitting, I had to make a decree against a priest."

He must have been terribly bored with the insignificant and noisy disputes on which, as Mayor, he was called to adjudicate. Take the following specimen: In a case of trivial import, a Mr. Kenny, the defendant, made a rambling, violent, and incoherent speech in his own defence, before the plaintiff's case was stated. Mr. Kenny concluded his harangue with a hope "that he had made an impression on the Lord Mayor's judicial faculties."

"You have," said O'Connell, "performed a very common piece of blockheadism—you have made a rigmarole speech in reply to a case which hadn't yet been made." Macnamara (the plaintiff) here stated his claim with a torrent of verbosity. "The best thing for me to do," said O'Connell, "is to dismiss this plaintiff's claim as being wholly unintelligible." He had not made the slightest approach to an intelligible case. "Why, my lord," said Macnamara, "I think I have shown your lordship that I claim thirteen days at 3s. 4d. per day." "So you have said, sir," answered O'Connell. "I hope I may not meet such another pair while I'm Lord Mayor. Macnamara is a man with an enormous deal of talk, and Kenny is a man without the slightest accuracy. Between you both you have bothered the case. I make the best conjectural decree I can—I give three pounds to Macnamara."

In another case the following characteristic little scene occurred. It was a question of accounts, in which a person named Burke was plaintiff.

"Mr. Burke," quoth the attorney, "did you keep a book?"

"I never kept a book," cried Burke, very angrily.

"I'll tell you what you'll keep," said O'Connell—"keep your temper."

"Were you boarded in the house of your employer?" inquired the attorney.

"What has this to do with the case?" roared Burke, ferociously.

"There never was a question," said O'Connell, "that required so little anger. You were asked if you got something to eat, whereupon you break out into a passion!"

The following pun, not the worst I have heard, was made by one of the attorneys. An old gentleman accused his servant, among other thefts, of having stolen his stick. The servant protested perfect innocence. "Why, you know," rejoined the complainant, "that the stick could never have walked off with itself." "Certainly not," said the attorney for the defence, "unless it was a *walking*-stick."

(To be continued.)

MUNIFICENCE OF THE POPE. — Some time since a national committee was formed at Rome, for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of Torquato Tasso, in the Church of St. Onfrio. The Pope had contributed largely towards this monument, and finding that the means of the committees were insufficient, he resolved to complete the execution of the mausoleum at his own expense. The remains of Tasso who sang "Jerusalem Delivered," lie in a narrow corner of the above-named church; the Pope has decided upon enlarging the chapel, and having the interior ornamented by the painter Signor Balbi, well known by his scenes of domestic life.

CARDINAL WISEMAN ON THE FINE ARTS.—At the solicitation of the committee of the Marylebone Literary Scientic Institution, Cardinal Wiseman has acceded to a request to deliver two lectures during the present seasen for its benefit. The subject selected by his Eminence is one which at present is of great interest, and is certain, from his great knowledge of foreign, and especially of Italian art, to command a numerous attendance. It is "On the mode of collecting and arranging a National Gallery of Paintings."

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

Mr. Holland, proprietor of the *Ulsterman*, is at present waiting his trial in Dublin. His prosecutor, Mr. Maxwell, an Ulster landlord, was to have brought the trial before the judge of assize at Belfast; but changing his mind, for some reason or other, he had it transferred to the Court of Queen's Bench. Some months ago we gave this deluded man an advice, and we are sorry he has not taken it. We told him he could win no fame in a prosecution against the press. We told him that the best course he could take would be to wash his hands out of the whole affair, and that afterwards he would feel more satisfied than if he had carried his hostility as far as the jury box. But Mr. Maxwell is intent on mischief. The *Ulsterman* exposed his doings, and he finds it impossible to forgive. He does not like to see a newspaper in Ulster with courage to grapple with landlords, and landlords' actions. We wish our contemporary a triumph over its prosecutor; but should the reverse befall it, and that its existence should become endangered, we shall cheerfully call on the public to come forward to its rescue; for Ulster could not afford to lose such an able Catholic organ as the *Ulsterman*.—*Dundalk Democrat*.

Mr. Davis, of Belfast, was appointed to take acknowledgments of deeds to be executed by married women. Judge Keating added to his duties in appointing Mr. Davis a public notary for the town and port of Belfast, including the towns and ports of Carrickfergus, Donaghadee, Bangor, and Hollywood, in the counties of Antrim and Down.

Cavan.

A Cootehill correspondent has written us a letter in which he makes some comments on the conduct of the coroner of that district, for having consented to hold an inquest on the remains of a young man who lately died there from the effects of farcy, which he caught from a diseased horse he was attending. The young man whose name was Gilmore, was ailing for many weeks, and was regularly attended by the docter and clergyman, but the disease proving fatal, he died universally regretted by all who knew him, and was interred in the graveyard attached to the Catholic Chapel, and according to the rites of the Catholic Church. This gave offence to some bigots. Gilmore's father is a liberal Protestant, and complied with the dying wishes of his son. The farrier who attended the horse was charged with having poisoned young Gilmore, and he was thrown into prison. An inquest was now determined on, and the coroner and a police force marched to the graveyard to raise up young Gilmore's remains. Crowds of persons threatened them, and they returned to Cootehill for more police, and next day they again marched to the graveyard, and are again threatened by crowds of people, but the Rev. T. O'Reilly, P.P., Cootehill, interferes, and the people give way, and the disinterment and inquest take place, and no poison having been discerned, an intelligent jury pronounced the whole transaction frivolous, vexatious, and uncalled for. Our correspondent blames the coroner for having lent himself to such a proceeding. We hope he will be more caution in future.—*Dundalk Democrat*.

An accident of a fatal nature occurred on the Midland Great Western Railway, in the townland of Lagaweel, near to Ballinagh. A highly respectable farmer named John Kelly, was crossing the line at the time the half-past seven up train was proceeding on its way near to the Crossloney station, when he came in contact with the buffers of the engine which knocked him down, and the carriages, five in number, passed over his body. Instant death was the consequence. William Pollock, Esq., one of the county coroners, held an inquest on the same day, and after hearing evidence, the jury returned as their verdict: "We find that John Kelly came to his death by the engine and carriages passing over his body, which was entirely accidental, and we attach no blame to the engine driver."—*Anglo Celt*.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed the Rev. Frederick Fitzpatrick, Rector of Templeport, to the commission of the peace for the county of Cavan, upon the recommendation of the Marquis of Headfort, lieutenant of the county.

Cork.

The agricultural operations in this part of the country have been carried on with eagerness and unceasing exertions, so that almost all kinds of spring crops are now sown, and the appearance presented, especially since the timely rain of the past week has visited us, is most cheering to the farmer, who sees in the healthy look or the thriving potato-stalk with which the fields are at present green in all the surrounding districts, as well as in the not less promising fields of corn, the guarantee of a fruitful and an abundant harvest, which shall amply repay him for all his toil and anxiety. The rains which have lately fallen have brought with them the genial heat of a summer sun, and these combined are forcing on vegetation with almost visible velocity. The entire face of the country looks refreshed and beautiful, the trees have increased their foliage, presenting a pleasing contrast with what they appeared a short time ago, and all nature has renewed its youth, so that even the aged of mankind almost feel themselves returning to the spring of life again, when they behold the change around them. But if all this gives promise of a bounteous increase in the coming autumn, and, as we have said, is calculated to cheer the farmer, should it not also bring consolation to the poor, especially of our cities, to whom the present price of provisions is a matter of some importance, and who can hardly look for any change until the new crop is fit for market? Surely it ought; and there can scarcely be a doubt but, with the new crops, prices will come down so as to place the necessaries of life more within the reach of our poorer population than they are at present.

A sale under the Incumbered Estates Court took place at the sale-room of Mr. R. B. Evans, auctioneer, South Mall. The property disposed of was that of an infant in law, named Mannix, consisting of houses and other concerns, situated chiefly in Youghal. Lot 1 was sold to Mr. Lindsay for £870; 2, Mr. Higgins, £300; 3, Mr. Orpen, £215; 4, Mr. Daly, £280; 5, Mr. Gregg, £190; 6, Mr. Brown, £80; 7, Mr. Davin Hall, £400; 8, Mr. Mayne, £365; 9, Mr. Sikes, £190; 10, Mr. Tierney, £23; 11, Mr. Ronayne, £30.—*Reporter*.

The estates of Castlehyde and Castlegrace, both bought by John Sadleir are for sale in the Incumbered Estates Court, by the mortgagees. Sadleirgave £19,000 for Castlegrace, which will now produce £44,000; the overplus, £25,000, will turn up for the creditors of Sadleir and the Tipperary Bank.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

The *Reporter* states that the Royal Engineers and Artillery branches of the service are to be opened for the admission of thirty candidates by competitive examination upon the 20th of this month. The successful candidates will afterwards be obliged to spend two years in further studies, to fit themselves for the peculiar requirements of their military position, and one hundred and twenty-five pounds per annum will be required to be paid for their maintenance during that period.

Dublin.

A person named David Singleton was charged under the following circumstances: It appeared that he presented for payment, to Mr. John Canning, one of the tellers of Ireland, the draft of Mr. Hussey, dated March 26th, 1857, for the sum of £9 14s. 5d., drawn in favor of John Wilkinson. The Bank officials having for some time previously been advised to hold this draft as a "stop payment" document, refused the prisoner the cash, and gave him into custody. He accounted for the possession of the draft by stating that he found it in March last, and kept it from that time till he presented it for payment. Mr. R. Wilson, who is in the employment of Messrs. Hickey and Hanbury, salesmasters, Smithfield, stated that he lost the draft got with the prisoner in March last either in the Bank of Ireland or the Royal Bank. He did not know the prisoner. The case was remanded.

An adjourned meeting of the committee for the prosecution of the petition against the return of Messrs. Grogan and Vance took place at the rooms of the Liberal Registry Association, Wellington quay. The attendance was numerous and highly respectable, comprising nearly all the leading men of the Liberal party in Dublin. Mr. Charles Kernan reported the progress made in carrying on the petition. Summonses had been issued and served upon some of the witnesses, on whose testimony the petitioners relied for establishing the case made against the sitting members. Arrangements were made for prosecuting effectively among the citizens the collection which has been set on foot for defraying the expenses of the petition. Several of the gentlemen who had undertaken the duty of collecting having reported, the meeting adjourned.

A lady has offered to give £100 to the General Orphan Home, Portobello, for the foundation of a permanent fund, to be vested in the name of trustees, on condition that £100 more be raised for the same purpose in twenty donations of £5 each.

A young man named Henry Lodge was brought before the bench, in custody of Sergeant Hilliard, of the detective police, charged with having stolen and illegally pawned a set of harness, the property of his employer, George Close, Esq., on the 24th of December last. Sergeant Hilliard, who had traced the harness to the pawn-office where it had been pledged, arrested the prisoner, he having contrived to evade pursuit since the period of the robbery. Mr. Close having refused to prosecute for the robbery, the magistrate sentenced the prisoner to one month's imprisonment for the unlawful pawning, and complimented Sergeant Hilliard on the promptitude and activity he had manifested in bringing the perpetrator of the offence to justice and punishment.

Professor Gluckman has arrived in Dublin after a long tour, in the course of which he has visited Algiers, and travelled throughout the whole of the French territory in Africa. The professor is in the enjoyment of excellent health.

Fermanagh.

It has been determined at last, after some years' consideration, that a bonded store for whiskey and other excisable goods shall be in Enniskillen.

Kerry.

A new writ has been issued for Kerry; in the place of Mr. Herbert, who has accepted the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland. It is probable that the honorable gentleman will be re-elected without opposition, as he is universally popular in the country.

Limerick.

A large quantity of military clothing is being manufactured at Mr. Tait's establishment in this city. Over thirty tailors at a guinea a week are employed, and 300 women engaged on the concerns, besides about 100 men, young and old, employed outside. A dozen sewing machines are also at work, and the rapidity with which the work is done by those instruments is amazing. The lace manufacture is extensively and busily pursued in Clare street, where there are seven or eight different establishments, by which astonishing numbers of young girls and women are afforded occupation. Lace works are conducted in other portions of the city in like manner, and in the flax factory numbers of women are busy as bees—realizing so far O'Connell's oft-expressed hopes of the busy hum of industry quickening Irish life and greeting its ear. It is but just to add that the army contract is believed to have been obtained by the Right Hon. W. Monsell for the benefit of the local artisans.—*Munster News*.

While the clerk of St. Munchin's chapel was lighting the altar candles dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, the beautiful drapery took fire, and in a few moments the whole was consumed. More serious injury might have resulted were it not for the presence of mind of a young man named Connors, who was in the chapel at the time. He ran and pulled all down, thereby preventing the flames from extending to the high altar, which immediately joined the other. A young lady was present, and, who was the principal in the decoration of the altar, on witnessing the scene dropped into a fit of hysterics.—*Observer*.

Mayo.

Sub-Inspector Abbott has left Castlebar for Glenties, county Donegal, and we congratulate the good folk of that district in having the services of one who earned for himself the good wishes of all in this locality with whom he came in contact during his sojourn in it.—*Castlebar Telegraph*.

Monaghan.

With deep regret we have to announce the sudden death of James Henry Boyd, Esq., of Castleblaney, late High Sheriff of the county Monaghan, an event which has cast a gloom over the town in which he lived, and was deeply respected and beloved, wherever his kind disposition and goodness of heart were appreciated. Mr. Boyd had been dining with his friend Mr. Swanzy at Clontibret, on Sunday, and on returning home at ten o'clock he went to bed. Next morning, his housekeeper went to his room with a drink, as was her custom, but to her horror she found him lying dead in his bed, and apparently without a struggle, as the bed clothes gave no evidence that he was in the least disturbed in his last moments.—*Dundalk Democrat*.

Roscommon.

A meeting of the guardians of the Athlone Union was held at the workhouse, in consequence of notices that had been given of a resolution to be proposed that the Sisters of Mercy should be admitted to visit the Catholic inmates.

Sligo.

Two men came to the house of Michael Cunningham, of Carrickaneelan, distant about five miles from Sligo, on the Manorhamilton road, and asked for a coal to light their pipes. Cunningham was sitting at the fire, with his wife and a neighbor, when the men called, and he at once brought out a coal to them, as they did not enter the house, and then went away in their company, having told his wife that he would be back in ten minutes. This is the account given by Cunningham's wife; and judging from the lateness of the hour at which Cunningham left home in obedience to what appears to have been a preconcerted signal, there are good grounds for believing that his business was to attend a midnight meeting of a secret society, or to execute some of its sentences. Nothing has, however, come to light respecting the transaction in which Cunningham was engaged between the time of his leaving home and two o'clock on Tuesday morning, between which period he received his death wound. At the hour stated a man rapped at the door of William M'Donogh, of Cloghermore, about three miles from Sligo, and desired him to get up, as there was a man outside who had been shot, but was not dead, and wished to be taken to the infirmary. The bearer of this startling intelligence ran away as soon as he heard M'Donogh getting up. M'Donogh's wife was the first to come out; she saw a cart at the door, and a man lying on it, who came down unassisted, and came into the house. He said he had been shot, and forgave them who did it, as he hoped God would forgive him; he also requested that he might be taken to the infirmary, and that a doctor might be got for him. As there was no horse to the cart upon which Cunningham came, M'Donogh called up Mr. Charles Anderson, of Fermoyle, who provided one, when the wounded man was placed on the cart, but died almost immediately. Upon examining the body, the deceased's own neckcloth was tied round the abdomen, through which a bullet had passed, entering in front and passing out behind the left lumber region.—*Chronicle*.

On Sunday, the 17th May, a man named Scanlan, residing at Kilmackoan, near Ballisodare, went to attend divine service, leaving his wife and four children at home. The family were sitting round the kitchen fire, when the mother saw some cattle trespassing on the land, and went to have them removed. She had not proceeded far from the house when she heard a wild cry of despair, and on looking round beheld her eldest girl, a child four years of age, running toward her, enveloped in flames. The mother rushed to her relief, but assistance was too late, as the child had been frightfully injured. How heartrending to the mother to gaze upon such a sight—the abdomen burst asunder, and the bowels rushing out at her feet.—*Champion*.

Tipperary.

There is considerable discussion between the guardians of the Nenagh union themselves, and also between them and the commissioners, as to the manner in which the money of the union, lost by the stoppage of the Tipperary Bank, shall be recompensed; whether it shall be apportioned over the whole union, or that it shall be levied on each division according to its credit at the time of the stoppage. The commissioners say the latter is the only legal mode, and that the rate struck in the former manner would be quashed.—*King's County Chronicle*.

As a man named Hanley was coming down stairs, in Borrisokane, missed his footing and was precipitated head foremost to the bottom, when he received so serious an injury as to cause his death, which took place shortly afterwards. T. T. Abbott, Esq., coroner, left town to hold an inquest on the body.—*Nenagh Guardian*.

A small unoccupied thatched house, belonging to John Lyons, of Turtulla, near Thurles, was maliciously set on fire and totally consumed. No clue has been discovered to the perpetrators of this diabolical act, but suspicion rests on some of Lyons's neighbors, by whom he is not well liked.—*Ibid*.

Bandy Bet, the winner of the Tipperary stakes at the Tipperary races, belongs to John Kennedy, Esq., Bantiss, Cloughjordan.—*Ibid*.

A distemper of a very fatal nature prevails among the dogs in the vicinity of Latteragh and Castleotway, where several farmers have lost some fine specimens of the canine race from its deleterious effects. The spmptoms of the disease are drowsiness and loss of appetite. In this state the animal pines away until he dies from sheer exhaustion.—*Ibid*.

Waterford.

The employees on the Tramore railway have purchased a service of plate to be presented to the superintendent of that line, William Parsons, Esq., previous to his departure from this city. The articles consist of a handsome tea kettle and stand, with a spirit lamp, and a salver, which bears the following inscription: "Presented, with a tea kettle, by the men of the Waterford and Tramore Railway, to William Parsons, Esq., as a mark of their esteem for him, upon his leaving for Ballymena and Portrush railway.—*Mail*.

Wexford.

A beautiful monument has been erected in the church of St. Iberius, to the memory of the late Hon. J. W. Heley Hutchinson, by the agent of the Donoughmore property in that county, Mr. Little, and the tenantry resident thereon. It is surmounted by a helmet, supported by two flags, and bears the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Captain the Hon. John William Hely Hutchinson, of the 13th Regiment of Dragoons, and of Belmont, in this parish, who died on the 2d of July, 1855, in the 25th year of his age, at Scutari, where his mortal remains lie under a monument erected by the affection of his brother officers."

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE POPE'S TOUR.—In the evening of the 14th May the Pope arrived at Loretto. His Holiness was pursuaded by the deputations sent to him from Fermo and Arcole to visit those towns. The *Augsburg Gazette* learns from Ancona that the Austrian screw steamer Radetzky arrived at that place on the 14th May, and that a French frigate was also expected. On the same authority it may be stated that the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian intends to go to Ancona to pay his respects to the Sovereign Pontiff. On the 14th General Count Degenfeld, the commander of the Austrian troops in the Papal Legations, and Major-General Baron Lederer, the Austrian commander in Bologna, arrived at Ancona, and left almost immediately for Loretto. According to a private letter from Rome, Pius IX., who is a most benevolent man, has undertaken his journey in order to see and judge for himself of the real state of things in his dominions. It has already been settled by the Papal government that a limited amnesty shall be granted, but Cardinal Antonelli fears that his Holiness may desire to do more than has been agreed on, and consequently he has taken care to place persons who enjoy his (Antonelli's) full confidence in the suit of the Pope. It is a remarkable fact that no Pope has paid a long visit to Bologna since the year 1529, when Clement VII. went there to crown Charles V. It is expected that Pius IX. will reach Bologna on the 4th of June, and remain there about three weeks. A letter from Rome of the 17th ult. mentions that the Pope was still at Macerata, where he was well received by the population. He was to leave on the 18th for Ancona, where great *fetes* were in preparation for him. A number of foreign ships of war had arrived at that port for the occasion. The French, Austrian, Neapolitan, and Spanish consuls established at Ancona had arrived at Macerata to meet his Holiness, who was accompanied by a very trifling escort. A letter from Rome of the 20th May announces that the Pope has appointed Cardinal Andrea "Protector" of the city of Viterbo. His Holiness celebrated Mass at the Cathedral of Fermo on the 17th May. He afterwards returned to the Paccaroni Palace, where he gave the Apostolic benediction to a multitude of people who had come in from the villages in the neighborhood. He then returned on foot to his residence amid the acclamations of the inhabitants. During his stay at Fermo the Holy Father presented gold and silver medals to several persons, and the cross of the Order of Pius to the Marquis Nicola Morici, pro-delegate of the province of Fermo.

THE NEW CHURCH AT ST. JOHNSTON, Co. DONEGAL.—The *Builder* of Saturday, May the 9th, contains the following architectural description of the new Roman Catholic Church, at present in course of erection at St. Johnston, by the Rev. Mr. Stephens, together with an excellently executed wood cut of the design. The entire length will be 109 feet 5 inches, and the breadth across transepts 56 feet 6 inches. There will be a bell gabel over the chancel arch, and the height to the summit will exceed 70 feet. The light will be principally through traceried windows at the extremities of the cross, and the roof will of course be open. Over the chancel arch will be a representation of the "Agnus Dei," the ground work being ornamented with a scroll pattern. The principal altar will be supported by eight marble columns. The side altars will be supported on brackets, backed by three arched and gabletted compartments. Above the centre one on the south side will stand an image of the Virgin, and on the north side a figure of St. Baithin, the patron saint. The font will be placed at the west end of the church, and will be constructed of native marble and freestone.—*Derry Journal.*

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. PETER LEE, R. C. ADM. OF BALLYMAHON.—The good people of the parish of Killenumbra, in the county of Sligo, presented to the above-named reverend gentleman a superb and costly service of plate, together with a purse, containing 30 sovereigns, as a token of their regard for his zeal and untiring exertions in the cause of religion and morality during a period of six years, spent as curate in that extensive and densely-peopled district. The gift was greatly enhanced by the tone and spirit of the address, breathing, as it did, the most unfeigned sorrow for his removal from amongst them, as well as fervently praying him many and happy days.

THE REDEMPTORISTS AT TEMPLETOWN.—The Redemptorist Fathers recommenced their good work here. Fathers Theunis, Petcherine and Bradshaw, are the names of the Missionaries who are laboring from morning till evening. Large crowds attend. Each evening, after Rosary and sermon, there is a Benediction, and the playing of Father Bradshaw on the harmonium is accompanied by some good singing. The priests of the parish are assisting the Fathers.—*Wexford People.*

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH OF BLESSINGTON.—His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin laid the foundation stone of the new temple of divine worship, intended to be erected as the parochial church of this extensive and populous district, under the spiritual charge of the Rev. James Hamilton, P.P., and comprising the three denominations of Rathmore, Kilbride and Blessington. This tract of country, though thickly inhabited, is, with some two or three exceptions, singularly devoid of resident Catholic gentry, the great bulk of the population being of the humble, industrious class, whose resources are too circumscribed to enable their pastor to hope for the completion of his pious undertaking without extraneous aid. The new church will be erected on the site of the old building, and its walls will enclose an area sufficiently extensive to surround the humbler edifice, which will not be taken down until the new church has been so far finished as to permit of divine worship being offered within it. The situation is central as regards the parochial district, and in a part of the country commanding a wide prospect and picturesque scenery, about one mile and a half from the village of Blessington. The design has been given by J. M'Carthy, Esq., the eminent architect, and the execution of the work has been entrusted to Mr. Farrell, of Lombard street. Blessington church will be, when finished, a fine specimen of the early Gothic style, with lanceolated windows, except the oriel window, which will be richly decorated. The building will be crucial in shape—including a naive, north and south transepts, sanctuary, &c. It will be eighty feet in length, and sixty feet in breadth at the transepts. The Archbishop, attended by Archdeacon Hamilton, the Rev. Pastor of the parish, left the church, and proceeded to the spot whereupon the foundations have been commenced of the new temple. The elements having been blessed, the stone was marked with the sign of the cross, and the blessing of the most high solemnly invoked on the building now commenced. The intercession of the Mother of God was fervently implored—the glorious Virgin, in whose name, under the merited title of "Blessed Mary of Mercy," the new temple will be dedicated. The stone being in its place a phial closely sealed was put in the cavity. It contained coins of the present reign, and a parchment scroll, bearing a Latin inscription. The Archbishop then bestowed his solemn pontifical blessing on the vast assemblage, all kneeling to receive it. In conclusion, he briefly exhorted the parishioners to go on with the good work that day so auspiciously commenced, to pray fervently to God for its speedy completion, and to beg the intercession of the glorious Mother of God, that his divine blessing might crown their exertions.—*Dublin Freeman.*

ENNIS YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.—The members of this society walked in procession to the parish chapel, and there partook of the most Holy Eucharist with edifying fervor and piety. The three previous days were spent in the devotional exercises of the yearly spiritual retreat. Appropriate religious instructions were delivered on each evening. On the anniversary of the formation of this institute, the annual appointment of officers, wardens and committee, for the ensuing year, took place; the previous officers were re-elected. A financial statement was read aloud, which leaves to the society after having purchased a large library of books, £10 on hands. An instructive lecture was delivered by the Very Rev. Dean Kenny, exhorting them to attend most faithfully to the fundamental rule of monthly confession, to give mutual edification both by word and example.

LANARK.—The spacious and handsome cathedral in the course of construction at Lanark is rapidly progressing towards completion. The building is in the Gothic style, and exceeds in length 100 feet. A better site could not have been chosen. Like the majority of Roman Catholic chapels in Scotland it is on an eminence, and commands a pleasing and extensive prospect. The building before completed will cost somewhere about £10,000.

DEATH OF THE VERY REV. JAMES O'RIORDAN OF THE CAPUCHIN ORDER.—With deep regret we announce the death of this estimable priest. He died of malignant typus fever. Simple and edifying in his manners, devout and zealous in the performance of his sacred duties, he won the respect and love of all who knew him. He was twice superior of the order to which he belonged, once by Apostolic Brief from Rome.—*Cork Examiner.*

BELMONT, NEAR HEREFORD.—The Benedictines are about to erect a monastery attached to the new church at Belmont, on a scale hitherto unknown in England since the Reformation; the style is severe but imposing. Mr. Welby Pugin is the architect, and has already advertised for tenders.

We regret to learn that the Bishop of Achonry is laboring under serious illness at his lordship's residence, Ballaghaderreen.—*Tuam Herald.*

The *Courier de la Drome* announces the death of his Lordship the Bishop of Valence, on the 16th of May, and further states that his Grace the Archbishop of Avignon, on learning the serious position of the venerable prelate, immediately visited him on his sick bed, and administered the holy viaticum with his own hands. In the afternoon of the same day, at two o'clock, the late venerable bishop breathed his last sigh. Mgr. Pierre Chatrousse was born at Voiron, in the Isere, the 2nd July, 1795, and had successively served the parishes of St. Martin le-Vieux and St. Maurice de Vienne, and was afterwards appointed Vicar-General of Grenoble. On the 26th May, 1840, was elevated to the see of Valence, and during the seventeen years of his episcopacy has fully justified the expectations which had been conceived of him.

On Tuesday, the 19th May, at the Convent of Mercy, Tullamore, Miss Annie O'Rielly, second daughter of Thomas O'Reilly, of Virginia, received the white veil. The Right Rev. Dr. Cantwell officiated, assisted by the local clergy. The reception took place in the beautiful private chapel of the convent. The name taken by the young lady in religion is Mary Joseph Camillus.

The clergy of Amiens have lately lost their senior member, and one of their most distinguished ornaments, by the death of the Rev. Abbe Conaple, titular canon and honorary vicar-general, and formerly inspector of the academy. On the 1st of May the venerable old man rendered his soul to God, at the age of 92 years. R. I. P.

The Rev. M. Burke, superior of the missions at Sheffield, made an address to the congregation of St. Peter's, Phibsborough, after last Mass, on behalf of his new church and rising mission, taking opportunity at the same time of recording his gratitude and admiration of the charity of the Catholics of Dublin.

A letter from Vienna says: "We learn that M. Lakenbacher, in the course of his mission to Constantinople, will interfere on behalf of the Catholic Christians of Bosnia and Bulgaria. It is probable Russia will make similar representations in favor of the Greek Christians of Bosnia."

The Trustees of the Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers' Society gratefully acknowledge the receipt of £2 from Dr. Kelly, Leinster road.

The Christian Brothers, Francis st., Dublin, gratefully acknowledge £1 from Joseph Watkins, &c., per John Murphy, Esq., for the use of their schools.

DEATH OF THE RT. REV. DR. PHELAN, BISHOP OF KINGSTON.—We are pained to learn the demise of the above estimable Prelate, which took place in Kingston on Saturday, the 6th inst.

The *New Era* supplies the following particulars respecting him:

"Just one month had elapsed since Dr. Phelan succeeded to the plenary power and title of Bishop of Kingston,—having previously held the rank of Coadjutor and Administrator. The deceased Prelate's life was divided between Montreal, Bytown, and the See in which he died; so that he may be said, with perfect truth, to belong to the whole Canadian Church, rather than to any particular diocese or district. The Right Rev. Patrick Phelan was born in March, 1793, in Kilkenny, Ireland, of an ancient family. In 1821, he emigrated to Canada, and entered the Sulpician Seminary in Montreal. In 1825, he received Holy Orders. At the time of his ordination, and for 20 years later, the Irish Catholics of Montreal possessed no church especially dedicated to their use. Their spiritual home was then the little Recollect Church in Notre Dame street. During his time two great trials, to one in his position, befel; we allude to the cholera visitations of '32 and '34, and the abortive insurrection of '37–8. In the former trial, he bore himself with conspicuous fortitude, and established for himself that hold on the affections of his people, which enabled him to carry them safely through the perilous political excitement of a few years later date. Like the late estimable Mr. McMahon of Quebec, he labored to keep the Irish Catholics out of the rebellion; and, we suppose, there are few amongst us now, who can confess to any regret that he made such use of his well-deserved influence. He received for his patriotism the public thanks of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Colborne."

On Sunday, when it became known that the good Bishop was no more, crowds of persons, Protestants as well as Catholics, gathered around his residence, manifesting in their countenances the utmost concern and regret, while the vessels in the harbor lowered their colors to half-mast.

DEATH OF A PRIEST.—Rev. John Healey, for many years Pastor of St. Bernard's Church of this city, died at the village of Fox Lake on Monday, the 1st inst. Though he had been in feeble health for some time past, his death was quite unexpected. He arose in the morning and partook of a late breakfast as usual, and did not appear to be worse than he had previously been, but being suddenly taken with disease of the heart, expired about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, in the sixtieth year of his age. The deceased was born in Ireland and educated in France. He was an accomplished scholar, and spoke with ease several modern languages. He came to this city about twelve years ago, and was the successor of Rev. Mr. McKerney, the first permanently settled Catholic Priest in this city. Mr. Healy devoted his time and talents to the promotion of the spiritual welfare of his people. Though quiet and unostentatious, he was active in doing good, and discharged every duty with strict fidelity. At the time of his death, he was completing his arrangements to return to this city and pass the remainder of his days among those whom he had labored to serve so faithfully. He enjoyed the respect and confidence of all who knew him. At his own request, his remains were brought here for burial, and were followed to the grave by a large concourse of friends, who deeply mourned the departure of a beloved Pastor whose guardian care and genuine worth had given him so many claims to their gratitude and esteem.—*Watertown* (Wis.) *Democrat.*

A correspondent adds:—"The eloquent and touching discourse of the Rev. Father Downey was responded to by the abundant tears shed by the congregation of the deceased Pastor. Very many of our dissenting brethren were in attendance; while all alike bore evident testimony to the worth of him whom we have lost. Would to God that I could do him that justice that he so richly deserved. His memory will be long remembered among us. *May his soul rest in peace.*"

RIGHT REV. BISHOP O'CONNOR.—A letter was received from the Bishop, bearing date of Alexandria, Egypt, April 27. He reached that place, after a very pleasant passage from Malta, on the 23d. He was to have left Alexandria on the 28th, for Cairo, and from Cairo he was to go to Jaffa during the first week in May. His health was as good as usual.—*Pittsburgh Catholic.*

There are not 15,000 Catholics at present in the archdiocese of Oregon, and the diocese of Nesqualy and Fort Victoria. The emigration to California has thinned the population of Oregon, both Catholic and non-Catholic.—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

There were 129 confirmed in the Holy Trinity Church, Cincinnati, on the 7th inst., by the most Rev. Archbishop.—*Ibid*

The Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, beg to return their sincere thanks to his Worship the Mayor, of that city, for his generous donation of £7 10. towards the Orphans of St. Joseph's Asylum.—*Toronto Mirror.*

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

May 25, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, Arthur Alexander, Esq., of Maryville, county Galway, to Sarah Maria, daughter of the late Arthur Johnston, Esq., of Carrickbreda, co. Armagh.

May 22, at St. Peter's, Dublin, William F. M. Clinton, Esq., to Maria, second daughter of the late Galbraith Johnston, Esq., of Moy, county Tyrone.

May 24, at the Catholic Church, Rathfarnham, by the Rev. Mr. M'Donnell, P.P., Mr. Michael Costello, to Anne, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Brown, Fir House, county Dublin.

May 23, at Cookstown, by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Presbyterian Minister, Joseph Anderson, Esq., of Ballymaguire, to Susanna, daughter of the late Wm. John Bell, Esq., of Windmill place, near Cough, co. Tyrone.

May 18, at the parish church of Ratoath, by the Rev. Henry Johnston, Lydia, daughter of the late Walter Bryan, Esq., Baltrasna, county Meath, to Richard Williams, Esq., of Finglas, county Dublin.

May 21, at St. Luke's Church, Cork, John Lefubure, Esq., to Sarah, daughter of the late Anthony Edwards, Esq., of Hop Island.

May 26, at Donare Chapel, county Meath, by the Rev. Patrick O'Farrell, P.P., John Thomas Luther, Esq., Brookdale, Clonmel, to Rosa, daughter of James M'Cann, Esq., M.P., Stalleen House, county Meath.

May 18, at Castledermot, Mr. P. Douglas, of Saunders' Villa, Baltinglass, to Miss Jane Wilson, daughter of Mr. R. Wilson, of Ballyraggen, county Kildare.

DEATHS.

May 17, in Dublin, George Thornton. Esq., of the Royal Engineers' department.

May 20, at Drumcondra, Mrs. Mary Cordukes, formerly of Sligo.

May 26, after a few days' illness, in the 20th year of his age, Mr. Robert Wheatley, late of Ballinasloe, much and deservedly regretted.

May 24, at Ball's Bridge, in the 83d year of her age, Johanna, relict of Henry Duggan, of Dublin, whom she survived 39 years.

May 23, in Drogheda, Mary, wife of Mr. Richard Harvey.

May 23, at Lurgan, county of Armagh, of inflammation of the lungs, Jane, daughter of John Haslett, Esq., in her 21st year.

May 13, at Cheltenham, in her 88th year, Sophia, relict of Lieutenant-Colonel O'Hara, of O'Harabrook, in the county of Antrim.

May 19, at Hilton, county Tipperary, Thos. Dancer, Esq., aged 81 years.

May 20, Barbara, relict of Thomas Kennedy, Esq., of Ballyshannon House, county Kildare.

May 20, after a short illness, at Belfield, Catherine, relict of Thomas Wallace, Esq., Q.C.

May 20, at Kingstown, Anne Wensley, wife of Richard Spear, of Dublin.

February 9, on board the Sir William Williams, on his homeward passage from Hobart Town, aged 19, Piers Mandeville, only son of the late Wm. Butler, of Rathlig, Queen's County.

May 24, at Carberry, county Kildare, in the 54th year of his age, the Rev. James Phelan, the meek, humble, pious, and universally beloved parish priest of Carberry and Dunforth. May he rest in peace. Amen.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The steamship Canada, which arrived at this port on Thursday, the 11th instant, puts us in possession of European dates to the 30th of May. An animated debate took place in the British House of Commons on the Dallas-Clarendon treaty, and its non-ratification on the part of the American government. The debate was opened by Disraeli, who requested Lord Palmerston to state to the House the reason why that treaty had not been ratified. In reply the Premier stated, that the only essential difference between the two governments was relative to the Bay Islands. In the course of his observations he remarked:

"An article relating to these Islands contained the recital of a convention between Great Britain and Honduras for the settlement of these islands upon certain conditions, and it said: 'Whereas, such convention has been concluded between the government of Great Britain and Honduras, and it has been agreed to consider these islands as part of the territory of Honduras.' The Senate of the United States proposed to omit all reference to the convention between Great Britain and Honduras, and that the article should simply stand that England and the United States acknowledge these islands as part of the territory of Honduras. Now, the obvious effect would have been, by implication, and, indeed, directly, that we were making an unconditional cession of these islands to Honduras divested of those steps which we thought necessary for the well-being of the colony and the future political interests of the country. Her Majesty's government therefore expressed their regret that they could not adopt that alteration, but they proposed an addition to the article as it was amended by the United States, which would have made the cession of these islands conclusive only upon the acceptance by Honduras of the conditions and stipulations we proposed. That proposal was sent to the United States, and the matter is still under negotiation. Therefore, with respect both to this treaty and to the treaty with Honduras, it is not in my power, according to the established practice to lay these papers before the House. If, unfortunately, these negotiations do not turn out successful, it will be the duty of her Majesty's government to lay before the House the grounds of the stand which they have thought proper to make. If, on the other hand, the negotiations are successful and the treaty should be ratified and signed in the form which the interests of this country require, then the House will probably be content with the treaty without inquiring into the difference between the two countries."

A motion was also made to call attention to the existing relations between England and Brazil. Mr. Roebuck moved for a special committee to consider these relations, and report thereon. The motion was, however, rejected by a large majority.

A collier, named J. Wardle, was examined before the magistrates of West Bromwich, charged with having sent a threatening letter to the Dutchess of Kent, mother of Queen Victoria. On examination, the man turned out to be of unsound mind. He was bound over to keep the peace for twelve months.

The King of Bavaria continues still in Paris. Another journal has received a gentle hint from Louis Napoleon not to trouble itself with the acts of the Executive. An article censuring certain government measures appeared in the columns of the journal in question, the editor, in his innocence, no doubt, imagining it was his prerogative to speak candidly, and above board, on all state affairs. A "warning" from headquarters has, however, by this convinced him to the contrary. A bill has been passed increasing the pay of Captains and Lieutenants in the French army. The proposed increase is one hundred and fifty francs a year. The army has been fixed at six hundred thousand men. This is a large increase over the ordinary peace establishment. Intelligence from Algiers to the 26th May has been received. There has been some hard fighting with the natives, and Beni Ratten has been captured after a two hours' contest. The crop reports from the same quarter indicate an early and abundant harvest.

The emigration from Germany promises to be unprecedentedly large this year. From Mecklenburg and the manufacturing districts of Bohemia the numbers are so large that the commercial fleet of Hamburg is unable to meet it. In one day alone nearly six hundred persons embarked. Freights have in consequence risen between Germany and America, and the brokers are busy engaging ships belonging to England and other places.

The details of the census of the entire colony of New South Wales, which was taken last summer, have been published. According to the returns, the population is as follows:

"The total population of the colony is 266,000, including 147,000 males and 119,000 females, giving a preponderance in favor of the former sex of no less than 28,000. Of the inhabitants, it appears that barely a third, or 113,000, were born in Australia, while of the remainder England and Wales supply 74,200; Ireland, 50,100; Scotland, 16,300; Germany, 5,200; and China, 1,800. The metropolis (Sydney), it is stated, contains no less than 14,520 houses, and its population, including the suburbs, is about 80,000. Maitland stands next in rank, with 15,300; then comes Bathurst, with 12,000; Goulburn, 7,000; Brisbane, 5,860; and Windsor, 8,400. With respect to religion, the Church of England has a decided majority, embracing 132-000, or more than one-third of the whole population; the Catholic Church is the next, counting 78,800; Presbyterians, 27,700; and Protestant Dissenters, 15,600. With respect to the professional or other occupations of the inhabitants, the returns are somewhat defective, for we find that, with respect to as large a proportion as 152,000, no account is rendered; but of the remaining 114,000, it appears that the law claims 232 followers, medicine 293, divinity 441, and other professions 447. The paupers, meaning, we should conclude, disabled, infirm, or lunatics, 1,210. In mining pursuits there were engaged 4,800; in agriculture, 16,700; in grazing, 12,300; and in domestic occupation, 16,700."

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

MARRIED BY CHANCE.—The Count de M—— was young and rich, and surrounded by every thing that could give enjoyment to life, except a wife. He had frequently thought of becoming a husband, but had always declared off before the knot was tied. Once he found himself nearly committing the folly of matrimony. A young person, the daughter of one of his friends pleased him; her fortune pleased him not less, perhaps, than her person and accomplishments, and there were other reasons of convenience to justify the union.

The Count, who had so frequently made the first step towards matrimony, but as frequently drew back, had not yet decided upon the course he should adopt in this case—he had promised the friends of the lady, but had made no outward sign of performance. His future mother-in-law, however, knowing his weakness in this respect, resolved to bring matters to a termination, and, therefore, demanded of the Count whether he would not marry her daughter, and requested an immediate reply. At this moment his fears and hesitation returned with more force than ever; he trembled for the consequence.

To give up his cherished habits of bachelorhood, he found was hard—it was almost impossible to abandon them. In this emergency, he resolved to appeal to chance. He wrote two letters; in the one he accepted the hand of the lady, in the other refused it. He then put them in his hat, and called his servant.

"Take one of these letters," said he, "and carry it to the Chateau de ——"

"Which, sir?"

"Which you please."

The servant chose a letter. The Count burnt the other without opening it.

A distance of ten leagues separated the two chateaux. The domestic must be absent twenty-four hours: twenty-four hours must elapse before the Count knew his fate. His situation is anything but agreeable; he knows not, during that time, whether he is a married man or a single one—whether he had still the power to dispose of himself, or whether he is disposed of. The domestic returned. He had carried the letter of acceptance, and M. de M—— is, even at this time, the happiest husband in that part of the country.

EXTENSIVE FRAUDS UPON THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.—A disclosure of a most astounding character has been made in reference to the management of the estates of the Duke of Rutland at Newmarket. Deficiencies and irregularities extending over a series of years have been discovered. Tradesmen's accounts, some of them very heavy, which were supposed by his grace to have been paid, are still due. The books which were submitted from time to time to the Duke for inspection were managed so as to avert all suspicion. By the frauds perpetrated the Duke will sustain a loss of many thousands. His grace is at present at Beverly superintending the arrangement of his affairs.

SALE OF THE PROPERTY OF LEOPOLD REDPATH.—At the auction mart, a further public sale took place, under the hands of Mr. Marsh, of the freehold and reversionary property of Leopold Redpath. The amount realized by the sale was £17,420.

BREACH OF PROMISE IN THE ISLE OF MAN.—It is not often that any of Mona's fair daughters appear in a court of law as plaintiffs in a breach of promise case. Last month, however, a suit of this kind was heard at Ramsey. Miss Catherine Garrett sued Charles Caley, and laid the damages at £300. The trial occupied nine hours. Both parties reside in Sulby, in the Lezayre, and have known each other for many years, and belong to the middle class of society. The plaintiff, who did not appear in court, is a dressmaker, and is stated to be about 30 years of age. The defendant is, we believe, a farmer, and is apparently about 45 years old. It appeared that the defendant had been paying his addresses to the plaintiff for a period of ten years, and had frequently declared that his intentions to her were honorable, and that he proposed making her his wife. During their courtship the plaintiff had been off the island some time, and while away had received letters from the defendant, all of a character to encourage her in the belief that he intended to make her his wife. Several of the letters were exhibited in court. Christmas, 1855, was fixed for the marriage; then postponed. Subsequently, "Lady's Fair Day," April 5, 1856, was settled upon for consummating the happy event, and then broken off altogether. After able addresses by the counsel on both sides, the deemster reviewed the evidence in a lucid manner, closing his remarks by observing that the case was one which called for damages, but not vindictive damages. After about half an hour's absence the jury returned into court, giving a verdict for the plaintiff; damages £140 and costs.

HOW THE NEW MEMBERS BEHAVE.—To do the new members justice, they are fast getting into the ways of the place, and except a tendency to doubt the propriety of wearing their hats, which is apparent in the unusual number of bare heads which a glance at the House, when in full conclave, will discover, they are becoming undistinguishable, and, generally speaking, are acquiring the air peculiar to the units of our collective legislative wisdom. Let it be also said that there are already symptoms of the development of individual boredom, which is one of the characteristics of the House at all times. The last election cleared off several of the most special of the class who possess that accomplishment; but there is little doubt that the vacancies their elimination by their constituencies created will be soon filled up. Indeed there is one honorable gentleman who promises great things in that line, and who seems to have taken Mr. Chisholm Anstey for his model; holding out hopes that he will speak on every debate, move for every possible sort of return, and keep the House dividing at all sorts of terrible hours in the morning. A better test of the readiness of adaptation of the neophites to the customs, tastes, and habits of the House could not be given than the fact that on the night when the oaths bill was introduced, they rose *en masse* and rushed to the door when Mr. Newdegate began to speak. Now if this was not instinct or intuition, it showed considerable power of preception and a due appreciation of the fitness of things very creditable to a new parliament.—*Illustrated News.*

STATISTICS OF RUSSIA.—The Ministry of the Interior in Russia has recently published a statistical table, which is interesting on more than one account. The Russian Empire contains 623 towns; it is inhabited by 70,000 nobles, who possess 109,000 estates; 11,000 citizens of eminence, 300,000 merchants, 145,000 liberated crown peasants residing on their own land, 11,800,000 townsmen, 189,855 Jewish families. In the year 1855, 4,321 foreigners arrived in Russia from Europe, and 910 from Asia. Only 779 Russian subjects left the Empire during that period. The estates owned by 70,000 nobles are divided into 1,400, possessing above 1,000 peasants; 2,000 possessing between 500 and 1,000; 18,500 between 100 and 500; 30,100 between 21 and 100; 57,000 possessing under 21 peasants.

AN INTELLIGENT TOURIST.—"Ladies and gentlemen, here is Rob Roy's cave a-head!" cried a person on board one of the Loch Lomond steamboats, on the deck of which a Sunderland draper and his wife were inhaling the mountain breezes during their marriage tour last summer. "Rob Roy! Who was he?" asked the bride of her worthy groom, who, she of course fancied, knew everything. "The man that wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*, I believe," was the reply.

LORD PALMERSTON—A BULWARK, OR A BULLDOG.—A curious incident occurred at a public meeting held at Norwich, on the subject of the law of settlement. One of the speakers, referring to Lord Palmerston, described him as the "bulwark of everything he took in hand;" and upon this an individual possessing the rough but ready wit often to be observed in public assemblies, exclaimed, "Bulwark! 'bull-dog' you mean." The sally was of course received with much laughter.

UTILITY OF ALDERSHOT.—The *Times* says it should like to hear on honest professional authority that the camp is doing the duty of a camp, and that the soldiers are learning the art of war. They are there for encampment, marching across the country, encamping, bivouacing occasionally, manœuvring, crossing streams, going out with three days' food and forage, cooking their own dinners, and otherwise performing the duties and incidents of a campaign.

SPIRITS.—Last year it appears that 28,197,065 gallons of proof spirits were distilled in the United Kingdom—viz., 7,653,158 in England, 12,001,098 in Scotland, and 8,542,809 in Ireland.

EFFECT OF MANNER.—"The Duke of Argyle," says Lord Chesterfield, "though the weakest reasoner, was the most pleasing speaker I ever heard in my life. He charmed, he warned, he forcibly ravished the audience; not by his matter, certainly, but by his manner of delivering it. A most genteel figure, a noble air, an harmonious voice, an elegance of style, and a strength of emphasis, conspired to make him the most affecting, persuasive, and applauded speaker I ever heard. I was captivated, like others; but when I came home, and coolly considered what he had said, stripped of all those ornaments with which he had dressed it, I often found the matter flimsy, the arguments weak, and I was convinced of the power of those adventitious concurring circumstances, which it is ignorance of mankind to call trifling."

The *Union*, referring to the Maynooth debate, says: "Mr. Spooner gave a much-needed explanation of his reason for voluntarily submitting himself to the 'roars of laughter,' 'ironical cheers,' and other similar manifestations which the House of Commons annually vouchsafes to the hero of the Maynooth grant. He places himself in the parliamentary pillory, as Dr. Johnson stood bare-headed in the market place, as an act of reparation. It is the outward penance which testifies his life-long contrition for having listened to the blandishments of Canning and Wilberforce, and assisted in passing the Roman Catholic Relief Bill. The arguments on the merits of the question were neatly summed up by General Thompson; and, considered as the result of the great Protestant whip at the recent elections, the division was eminently satisfactory."

Mr. W. H. Russell commenced the second series of his lectures, at Willis's Rooms, in the presence of a very fashionable audience. He most judiciously shortened his narrative, which occupied less than an hour and a half. For that time the audience listened with profound interest to his eloquent narrative of the great war. Mr. Russell's experience gained in his previous essay was manifest, his elocution being as distinct and appropriate as could be desired, and in the more impressive portions of the lecture his voice told that even he himself felt stirred again when reciting the deeds of the gallant bands whose achievements he worthily records.

An order has been received by a firm in Paris for three thousand tom and pussy cats, which are to be sent out to Australia; bagmen are out in all directions, buying up all young, sound and healty cats that are in market. A firm in Lille has received an order for five hundred grimalkins. It appears that the cats of the north of France are in repute at the antipodes—the prices ranging from one franc twenty-five to one franc fifty.

An ex-actress of the Vaudeville, on returning home from the performance at the Theatre de la Monnaie of Brussels, discharged a pistol into her breast, and inflicted a most serious wound. Her answer to the police magistrate, who inquired the motive of the deed, was, "I was weary of life. It was always the same story over and over again."

In a small shed, or toolhouse, in the garden for Joseph Harris, Esq., of Greysouthen, in a broom, or beesom, hung up against the wall, may be seen a blackbird's nest containing five eggs, and in the same broom, a wren's with eight eggs. Both of these friendly neighbors are at present undisturbed in carrying on the process of incubation.

The *Record* has deserted Mr. Spooner. We read in the last number: "It may be a matter for calm deliberation whether Mr. Spooner's method of conducting the Maynooth discussion is the best, or whether it might not be conducted with better prospects of success by some of the younger members of the House."

"A violent shock of earthquake," says a letter from Erzeroum, of the 28th ult., in the *Presse d'Orient*, "was felt two days ago in the neighborhood of Mouch, the oscillations continued at intervals for 36 hours. Several villages in the plain of Bolanek were destroyed, and nearly 180 persons lost their lives."

It is reported that during the present session a motion will be brought forward in both houses of parliament for an increase to the established number of general officers of the Royal Marines, viz.—3 generals, 3 lieutenant-generals and 8 major-generals.

The trial of 44 persons for belonging to a secret society commenced in Paris. The proceedings are not yet made public. The *Siecle* affirms that the policy it has advocated in favor of the elections meets with the greatest favor in the departments.

Some surprise was caused in Neufchatel by the appearance of a Prussian officer in full uniform. He was taken before the Prefect, and, after examination, was sent to an office of the central police, but some hours afterwards was set at liberty.

It is stated that a member from Ireland, of the legal profession, who voted for Mr. Spooner's motion, has embraced the Catholic faith. He is a member who beat one of the first professional men in Ireland at the recent general election.

Mr. Cobden has been mentioned to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Hall. Mr. Beckett, who formerly represented Leeds, will be invited to come forward.

M. Tegoborski, a Russian writer on political economy, of considerable eminence, has just died.

The complete works of Armand Carrel, editor of the *National*, are about to be published in four volumes.

PATRICK HENRY AND THE REVOLUTION.

Patrick Henry was the son of Colonel John Henry, a native of Aberdeen, in Scotland, and born at Studley, in the county of Hanover, and State of Virginia. In his youth he gave no signs of future greatness. No persuasions could induce him either to read or work.

When the question first came to be agitated concerning the rights of the British to tax America, he gave, as it has been truly remarked, "the first impulse to the revolution." Men who were on other occasions distinguished for intrepidity and decision hung back, unwilling to submit, yet afraid to speak out in language of open and bold defiance. In this hour of despondency, suspense, and consternation, Henry arose to cheer the drooping spirits of his countrymen, and to call forth all the energies of the Americans to contend for their freedom. When the House of Burgesses was within three days of its expected close, Henry produced and carried the far-famed resolutions concerning the stamp act, which formed the first firm opposition to the scheme of taxing America by the British Parliament.

PATRICK HENRY AND JOHN HOOK.

The versatility of talent for which Patrick Henry, the American orator and patriot, was distinguished, was happily illustrated in a trial which took place soon after the war of independence. During the distress of the republican army consequent on the invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips, in 1781, Mr. Venable, an army commissary, took two steers for the use of the troops, from Mr. Hook, a Scotchman, and a man of wealth, who was suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. The act had not been strictly legal, and on the establishment of peace, Hook, under the advice of Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable, in the District Court of New London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have conducted himself in a manner much to the enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook of course excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, he appeared to have complete control over the passions of his audience: at one time he excited their indignation against Hook; vengeance was visible in every countenance: again, when he chose to relax and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distress of the American army, exposed almost naked to the rigor of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they marched with the blood of their unshod feet. "Where was the man," he said, "who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms the meanest soldier in that little band of famished patriots? Where is the man? There he stands; but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge." He then carried the jury, by the power of his imagination, to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of. He depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence: the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British, as they marched out of their trenches; they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriotic face; they heard the shouts of victory, the cry of "Washington and liberty!" as it rung and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river. "But, hark!" continued Henry; "what notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, 'Beef! beef! beef!'"

The court was convulsed with laughter; when Hook, turning to the clerk, said, "Never mind, you mon; wait till Billy Cowan gets up, and he'll show him the la." But Mr. Cowan was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligible or audible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant.

A striking example of the witchery of Henry's eloquence, even on common subjects, is related by the late Major Joseph Scott.

This gentleman had been summoned, at great inconvenience to his private affairs, to attend as witness at a distant court, in which Mr. Henry practised. The cause which had carried him thither having been disposed of, he was setting out in great haste to return, when the sheriff summoned him to serve on a jury. This cause was represented as a complicated and important one—so important as to have enlisted in it all the most eminent members of the bar. He was therefore alarmed at the prospect of a long detention, and made an unavailing effort with the court to get himself discharged from the jury. He was compelled to take his seat. When his patience had been nearly exhausted by the previous speakers, Mr. Henry rose to conclude the cause; and having much matter to answer, the major stated that he considered himself a prisoner for the evening, if not for the night. But, to his surprise, Mr. Henry appeared to have consumed not more than fifteen minutes in the reply; and he would scarcely believe his own watch, or those of the other jurymen, when they informed him that Mr. H. had in reality, been speaking upwards of two hours! So powerful was the charm by which he would bind the senses of his hearers, and make even the most impatient unconscious of the lapse of time.

HOME MISCELLANY.

THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY.—The power of the Company extends over an extent of country nearly as large as the entire of Europe, while its settlement is perverted by the policy which has prevailed. There are two hundred and thirty-nine stockholders, with a capital of ten million dollars, and as they divide a million of profits annually, the shares have doubled their par value. The trade is solely by barter, for which the articles are shipped from London to be exchanged with the Indians for furs, of whom there are some 300,000 scattered over the entire territory, engaged in collecting peltry. The Governor-General resides at York Factory, on Nelson's river, and under him are some fifteen hundred factors, leaders and clerks, whose salaries are made contingent upon the earnings of the Company. Besides these, Canadians or Indian half-breeds, are enlisted for terms of five years at stated salaries, and all the clerks, who are a species of cadets, look for advancement when vacancies occur among superiors. Thus monopoly has been seriously detrimental to the settlement of the province, and it is to be hoped that the present Parliamentary inquiry will lead to the abolition of the charter, and throw open the vast territory to emigration.

CHILDREN ATTACKED BY A MAD DOG.—In Lower Marion township, near Norristown, Pennsylvania, while a number of little children were on their way home from school, a mad dog sprang into their midst, putting them to flight in every direction. Two children were bitten, a son of Geo. L. Edwards, aged 12 years, and a son of Charles Ferry. The dog then attacked a little girl by the name of Knox, but most fortunately for her, a passing team attracted his attention, and he made off after the horses. Then scampering up the street he bit eight or ten dogs which fell in his way, and was finally killed near the school-house, just before reaching the green, where a number of children were playing. All the dogs known to have been bitten have since been killed, one of them a most magnificent and valuable animal, and the two poor boys are receiving most skilful medical attention, with the hope of preserving them from the horrors of a death by hydrophobia.

FOUL PLAY.—The citizens of Ashland, Greene Co., and vicinity, have recently been thrown into the greatest excitement by the mysterious disappearance of a young lady 16 years of age, named Tuttle. She went to visit a friend about three miles distant from her father's, and for eight days no news of her came to relieve the almost distracted father, when some school children found an over-shoe and collar, which were recognized as having been worn by Miss Tuttle. Suspicion of foul play was now entertained by her friends, and on Saturday fifty men started in search of the young lady, but with what success we have not yet heard.

RATHER PREACH TO NEGROES THAN PURITANS.—Dr. Bethune is attending the Anniversaries in Boston, where his recent defence of the Drama does not meet with much favor. The Doctor does not appear to care much about it, however, and is reported to have said: "I would rather to-night preach the Gospel to a congregation of southern negroes, than to the most cultivated and enlightened congregation that was ever assembled in this city. They would receive it with a faith which Puritanic rationalism could not."

MINNESOTA ELECTION.—The Milwaukie *News* says: "By St. Paul papers of June 2, we are assured that Minnesota, at the election on the 1st inst. for delegates to the Constitutional Convention, was carried overwhelmingly by the Democracy. In some of the counties not a 'Republican' member was elected. St. Paul gave immense Democratic majorities. Minnesota, all hail! cheers for the Democratic star of the Northwest!"

NEW STATUE OF WASHINGTON.—The Richmond *Enquirer* states that Governor Bragg, of North Carolina, under a resolution passed by the Legislature of that State, has contracted with J. W. Hubard of Richmond, for the casting of a bronze statue of Washington, after the one now in the Capitol of Virginia. The work is to cost $10,000, and when finished is to be placed in front of the Capitol at Raleigh.

VINE CULTURE IN IOWA.—The culture of grapes has been introduced with success in the vicinity of Fort Madison, Iowa. The wine made from the Iowa vineyards is described as equal to Longworth's best. A. Mr. Stempel has bought some nine acres on the bluff, on the west side of Fort Madison, and has sent out some 500 grape vines the present spring.

SPIRITED HORSE.—A gentleman of the name of Pepper had been several times thrown from a spirited young horse, and was relating the circumstance to a friend, and at the same time observing that he had never given his horse a name. "I think," replied his friend, "you should call him Peppercaster."

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—*Small boy number one.* "I say, friend, they say you're getting a dollar a week." *Small boy number two.* "You might have known that by the way fellows come round soapin' me for treats."

TO TELL GOOD EGGS.—If you desire to be certain that your eggs are good and fresh put them in water; if the butts turn up they are not fresh. This is an infallible rule to distinguish a good egg from a bad one.

MARRIAGE A MEANS OF GRACE.—"Mr. Jones, don't you think marriage is a means of grace?" "Certainly; anything is a means of grace that leads us to repentance."

Late springs produce the greatest plenty.

The *Providence Journal*, June 8, says: "The report that Horace Vernet had been commissioned to paint a battle-piece for the Capitol at Washington is not yet confirmed. A friend in Paris writes that he met Vernet and congratulated him on the compliment from the new world to his genius. The painter replied that he knew nothing of the fact. He had been sent for by the American Minister, who read to him a despatch from Washington. It was in English, of which Vernet does not understand a word. He replied in French, regretting his inability to understand what the Minister had been so kind as to communicate to him; and the interview closed to the mutual satisfaction of the parties. But Vernet added that as soon as his grandson, Edwin Delaroche, came home from school, he should send him up to the American Minister to find out what was in the despatch, and to report to him if it was true that he had been invited to America."

Abraham R. Ten Eyck, a venerable and estimable citizen of Albany, is dead. He was born before the Revolutionary War, and his life has been an epitome of the history of his native country. For sixteen years he has been a citizen of Albany, having established a bookstore in that city in 1798. In 1820 he retired from business upon a competency acquired therein. With the constancy and contentment characteristic of his race, he remained for sixty years an inmate of the dwelling in Broadway which he first took possession of on arriving in the city.

A chancery case in London has just been decided, by which a number of American citizens have been declared the lawful heirs to the property of a Mrs. Shard, who died in England in 1819. The amount involved is about $250,000, which for several years have been invested in British securities, awaiting a final decision. The heirs in whose favor the decision has been rendered reside in Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Vermont, Ohio and Michigan.

A western editor and his wife were walking out in the bright moonlight one evening. The wife was of an exceedingly poetic nature, and said to her mate, "Notice that moon, how bright, and calm, and beautiful." "Couldn't think of noticing it," returned the editor, "for anything less than the usual rates—a dollar and fifty cents for twelve lines."

A colony of New Englanders are preparing to emigrate to Iowa the present season. They have chosen and purchased a track in the south western part of the State, in Adams and Adair counties, and intend to have a settlement with schools, churches, libraries, lyceums, presses, and other social, literary and religious advantages.

Hon. L. M. Keitt, of South Carolina, has been lecturing in the South on the "Harmony of Creation." The Cheraw *Herald* says that "he has made good use of the hours snatched from the arduous labors of a southern statesman," and "that a mind so well stored with learning must make its impress upon the world."

A boy, escaped from the Connecticut State Reform School at Meriden and re-arrested, set fire to the city prison in Waterbury, in order to burn himself up,—saying he had rather be burned to death than to go back to Meriden. He destroyed the building but was himself rescued alive though badly burned.

An old bachelor geologist was boasting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alphabet. A lady who was present declared she knew a rock of which he was wholly ignorant. "Name it, madam," cried Cœlobs, in a rage. "It is rock the cradle, sir," replied the lady. Cœlobs evaporated.

The Gloucester Farm and Town Association, composed of Germans, have located a colony called Egg Harbor City, in South Jersey. The total amount of land in the colony is 28,000 acres, which is divided into farms and city lots, in which over 2,000 settlers have taken an interest.

"What's the state of morals in your district?" said a long-faced reformer to a farmer who recently visited town. "Pretty good," replied the farmer, "every body seems disposed to mind their own business in our parts." This may be set down as a very fair hit.

A man named Young has been arrested at St. Louis for establishing himself in that city as a broker of extensive property, and through confederates who referred to him as their banker, getting large credits with Philadelphia houses; the frauds amount to $38,000.

A western editor, whose subscribers complained very loudly that he did not give them news enough for their money, told them that if they did not find enough in the paper, they had better read the Bible, which, he had no doubt, would be news for them.

It is estimated that Illinois has thirty million acres of arable land, only six million of which are now under cultivation; if the Prairie State is thus strong and populous with four-fifths of her energies yet unrevealed, who shall predict the future!

"Jack did you ever carry that umbrella home that I borrowed yesterday?" "No, father; you have often told me to lay up something for a rainy day, and as I thought it would rain before long, I have laid the umbrella up."

A woman in one of the towns of New Hampshire, who had been ill used by her husband, on finding him asleep one day, quietly sewed him up in the bed clothes, and then gave him a tremendous thrashing.

The flag staff on the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, was struck by lightning lately and shivered to atoms.

A strange kind of bird has been recently shot in Arkansas, which puzzles the oldest settlers and naturalists. It is five feet three inches high when standing, breadth of wing six feet, and length of back nine inches. In color it is most variegated and beautiful.

Mankind pay best—1. Those who destroy them, heroes and warriors.—2. Those who cheat them, statesmen and quacks.—3. Those who amuse them, as singers, actors, dancers, and novel writers. But least of all, those who speak truth, and instruct them.

A Lafayette (Indiana) paper says that two diamonds of the first water, one of the size of a small pea, and the other that of a grain of wheat, were recently taken from an artesian well in that vicinity.

O'Reily, a telegraph contractor, has proposed to the government to build a telegraph line to the Pacific, without government aid, except in a force of troops to protect his men and property from attacks of hostile Indians.

It is stated that from one town in New Hampshire, viz., Manchester, two hundred persons, chiefly mechanics, have gone to the West this spring, taking with them an aggregate sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

A Mormon elder, who was preaching the beauties of Mormonism in Sheffield, England, praising Brigham Young as a saint, &c., was pushed from his rostrum by the inhabitants, and ducked under the town pump.

Dr. Beigler has been placed in the tailor shop in the prison, and is stitching away on coarse blankets with other convicts. Three months ago he had an extensive medical practice in Rochester.

The London *Times* in an article on the frigate *Niagara*, admits that in size, form, speed, and intended weight of armament, she is beyond doubt the first man-of-war of her class in the whole world.

The march of civilization is onward! A clergyman in a Springfield (Mass.) church, married a couple, substituting the words "gentleman" and "lady" for "man" and "woman."

The Chicago police are wide-awake fellows. A woman there recently actually stole and carried off sixty feet of a sixteen foot plank sidewalk, without the police knowing it!

In Massachusetts and Rhode Island, more than half the children born in 1856 have foreign born parents, though the native born population comprise three-fourths of the whole.

Wendell Philips says: "Put an American baby six months old, on his feet, and he will immediately say, 'Mr. Chairman,' and call the next cradle to order."

If the season, even yet, proves favorable, it is estimated that half a million bushels of wheat will be raised in the wheat growing section of Texas.

Youth is fed by poetry and imagination, mature age by realities; as plants draw all their nourishment from the air until they bear the fruit, and afterwards from the ground only.

How many fine hats serve as a covering for worthless heads, and how many plated shirt bosoms cover a hollow cavern where a heart should be lodged.

If the legs of hens become broken, they will lay their eggs without shells, all the lime in the circulation being required for the purpose of reuniting the bones.

A German writer says that the people of the United States can burst more steam and chew more tobacco than any other of the nations on the globe.

Strong emotion expresses itself in the body as well as the face, and in every master-piece the whole human form is made to speak; the hands and feet are eloquent.

The town of Waltham, Mass., has voted $200 for adorning the streets of the place with ornamental trees.

Hon. Jos. Williams, of Iowa, has been appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Kansas, vice Cunningham resigned.

The most insidious destroyer of life in this country is consumption; it carries off one hundred thousand persons annually.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has so apportioned the State that hereafter the Senate will consist of 33 members, and the House of 100.

Colonel Forney is to be editor of the *Pennsylvanian*, it is said, at a salary of $10,000 per annum.

A bridge is about to be constructed across the Ohio river at Louisville. A company for that purpose has been formed.

A circus rider in Mobile lately threw seventy-one somersets in succession. What a politician he'd make?

Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to be.

New potatoes from the New Orleans market are selling in Louisville at $2 50 per bushel.

Mrs. M. O. Beekman, a sister of ex-President Tyler, died at his residence on the 2d inst.

Hay is selling at Rock Island, Illinois, at $70 per ton, and at Dubuque, Iowa, at $60.

The receipts of Thalberg's concerts in St. Louis for four evenings amounted to $9,700.

There are several hundred Mormons at Iowa City, *en route* for Utah.

A great change in life is like a cold bath in winter—we all hesitate at the first plunge.

"Matrimonial fruit baskets" is now the polite name for cradles.

He that sips of many arts, drinks of none.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING IN THE NEW YORK TABLET.

Transient Advertisements, each insertion, 10 cents per line.

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***All Letters and Communications, after the 1st of June, should be addressed to "the NEW YORK TABLET," 164 William street, New York.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK, June 12.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TABLET.

SIR:—Will you oblige a constant reader by stating in your next issue the name of the exile referred to in the song of "The Exile of Erin." J. O. B.

Campbell states that the subject of "The Exile" was suggested to him by meeting in Bolougne one of the brothers, Corbets, of 98 notoriety.

*.—A notice was already in type when your communication arrived. ALOYSIUS, Kingston, Canada.—Ditto. Many thanks.

Here is a fresh snatch from a sweet singer:

THE MILLER'S TALE.

"I dwelt in a little house under the hill,
Close by the overshot wheel of the mill,
And drank the clear water fresh drawn from the rill,
That flowed past the little house under the hill.

"The mill was my own, Oh! how happy was I,
'Till a pretty maid's image stole into my eye,
And after that moment, I cannot tell why,
My heart 'gan a heaving up many a sigh.

"The mill-wheel went slower, and soon ceased to ply,
The rill scarcely furnished me drink, 'twas near dry,
No beauty appeared on the earth or the sky,
But the little maid's image that lurked in my eye.

"In a state of abstraction I 'tended at Mass,
And said not a prayer—'twas a sin—but, alas!
I could not avoid it, my mind was a glass,
Whose surface reflected a sweet little lass.

"I went to a dance in the village close by,
And jigged with the maiden—my feet seemed to fly—
I pressed her soft hand—while she blushed and looked shy,
As I led her away where was nobody nigh.

"We sat in a corner, the piper behind,
Who heard not our whispers—the poor man was blind.
I asked her a question to lighten my mind—
She murmur'd a little word apt in its kind.

"The rill runs as limpid and fast as before,
The mill-wheel is clacking as loud as of yore,
My wife is the mother—the maiden no more—
Of three rosy children at play by the door.

"They're all like their father—the miller I'm still—
And all this has happened I'm sure by God's will—
My lease is to run on as long as the rill,
Of the mill-site and little house under the hill."

R. POWER.

Corpus Christi, Texas.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, '57.

THANKS.—In returning our thanks to the different members of the press, whose kind comments on the TABLET and ourselves, may be found in the next page, we cannot refrain from expressing our belief, that many of them are undeserved—especially the personal ones. In the mechanical department of the TABLET, we see little to be desired, but in our own department there are many, very many, things to be, if not corrected, at least improved. The early life of a newspaper, seeking for success, is very like the early life of a politician—distinguished for attempts to become popular—and the TABLET is no exception to the rule. It is made to please its readers, rather than to please its Editor, and for this reason it has not adopted a style and tone more consonant with his wishes, and perhaps more deserving of favorable notice, than its present one.

If anything, however, can add to the pleasure with which we have read the greetings of our cotemporaries, it is the reflection that the Catholic portion of them are, notwithstanding many other differences, always ready to salute, even a competitor, with a kind word, and a hearty "God speed."

Mr. John Mangin will visit Plattsburg, Keeseville, and adjacent towns on Lake Champlain, this and following weeks. He has a good assortment of Catholic Books for sale, and is authorized to collect all debts due the *Celt*, and to receive subscriptions for the NEW YORK TABLET.

THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

IF the Irish Exodus dies out in America (as it is said it will) and our people become as extinct as the Ansibarians, what will be the future of the Church in the United States?

Of course, God knows best and the result is in his hands; but as faith is the effect of nature, concurring with grace, circumstances which will retard the development of the one, will militate against the reception of the other. The future of the Church is therefore a proper subject of speculation, and we propose to offer a few reflections on it.

It cannot be denied that the position of the Catholic Church to-day, is a more commanding one than its position at any past time. Few will be so credulous as to prefer the scattered wigwams of the early missionaries and the simple zeal of their little flocks, to the high-aspiring temples of our own days and the many-voiced fervor which pervades them. In all that gives a *status* and an efficiency to religion—in all that unites worldly consideration with the capacity to bring about great results—we are unquestionably far in advance of the pioneers of Catholicity in the New World.

Still, if we are more numerous than they we are exposed to more dangers. The critical period in the life of systems, as of trees, is when with rapid growth they spread themselves abroad and meet opposing currents, while yet their roots are confined almost exclusively to shifting soils. Few Insurance Companies, we venture to assert, would take a risk on the national life of a creed which puts five hundred daily into the grave for one it wins over to its communion. And yet this is what Catholicity is doing in these States while we write. It is plain, then, that in case the Irish Exodus "dies out" the hope of the Church lies in the children of that Exodus or in the chances of an improved attention to religious matters on the part of Americans. Imposing Churches, numberless institutions of Learning and Charity, an enlightened and self-sacrificing Ministry, all these, although powerful in their way, are but the organs through which religion evinces itself—and more is needed.

In the rising generation there is much of promise balanced by many discouraging symptoms. To calculate which way the beam leans may be an interesting study, but few who think have postponed the inquiry to this date. This is certain—that each of us in our own manner, as heads of families, or as representatives of our own feelings, should leave nothing undone calculated to assist our pastors in their efforts to render the heirs of our faith, heirs also of our constancy.

Looking over the country we cannot see the same signs of a healthy religious reaction indicated by the editorials of some of our cotemporaries. Conversions, it is true, are multiplying, but the average American mind still looks after dollars as much as dogmas. The educated classes are, perhaps, an exception. Nearly all our converts come from them. Yet, while the fact is pleasing to flesh and blood, it always incites us to ask—What of the rest?

Read the history of the Church and see how nations were converted in the olden time. St. Patrick's words lit up souls as fire would furze, and spread with even greater rapidity among the lowly than the noble. Augustine, with almost as sudden success, ignited England. And so with all the nations which afterwards became "Catholic." Now we have apostles as untiring as either him of England or him of Ireland—they have resources which neither of those holy missionaries ever possessed, and the only true way of accounting for the disparity of results brought about by the banner bearers of Christianity and their followers, is, that the former lived and labored in a primitive age among a primitive people, while the latter have to contend against that worst of all heresies, the indifference which is the fruit of Commerce and Commerce's first-born, Materialism. This Materialism is a part of our national life and is far more impregnable to the shafts of Truth than any form of error, from Millerism to Mormonism. If it were centered in our leading men—if it were quaranteened among the educated, they could be reached, as they are reached every day, but it is as at home in the backwoods, as in the city thoroughfares, and you can find its professors as often in Lowell satinet as in Leeds broadcloth. To effect a great diversion of national sentiment the *people* must be moved. Moral indifference is the most insuperable of the different kinds of inertia. If there were more bigots, even, there would be more converts.

And yet, we may be wrong and those who hold more hopeful views of the future before the Church may be right. It is human to err, and in a question of prophecy we have no claim to be heard.

ANOTHER CONCORDAT—CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

THE late Concordat concluded with the Bishops of Wurtemburgh has attracted very little attention on either side of the Atlantic. If we except a few cursory lines in the London journals, and a telegraphic item in our own press, it has been almost wholly ignored. How different the reception given to its fac simile, the Concordat between Francis Joseph and the Pope! All "Exeter Hall" was up in arms in the United Kingdom, the religious Press here made horrid din with their lamentations, and, if one could believe both, Tyranny had stolen a march on Freedom and throttled her beyond recovery.

Now, the Wurtemburgh Concordat and the Austrian one are each as like the other as the Siamese twins, and to men who know as little of Canon Law as modern ministers might be easily mistaken, the Austrian, for the Wurtemburgh, or the Wurtemburgh, for the Austrian. The royal placet is abolished; matrimonial questions are ruled as in the Austrian Concordat; the Ecclesiastical tribunals judge of the impediments and the validity of marriage; the secular tribunals judge of the civil consequences of the contract; the Bishops have the right of nominating to Church livings, and Ecclesiastics will no longer be subjected to the 47th article of the constitution; by the terms of which it belongs to the King to displace functionaries. In short, the only patent difference between the two documents is that a Protestant King and his Protestant Bishops are parties to one, and a Catholic Emperor and the head of the Catholic Church, are parties to the other.

But this is a great difference, and right duly has it been detected. What is a crime against humanity when perpetrated by a Catholic, is a most sweet and savory act when done by a Protestant. What is a gross infringement on the liberty of conscience or of the State in Austria, is just the opposite in Wurtemburgh.

THE MORALS OF THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY.

STUDENTS of English History have been accustomed to look upon the reigns of the 1st and 2d Charles as the most dissolute era of the British Aristocracy, and they have been told to account for it by the principle which seems inherent in human nature and hickory—that the greater the tension, the greater will be the recurrence. Coming immediately after the psalm-singing Puritans, the vices prevalent in the times of the two Stuarts seemed to flow from the simulation of piety and the forced system of religious decorum rendered immortal by the God-Fearing Obadiahs and their Praised-be-God-partners; but we could never see the connection of cause and effect, indicated by Macauley and Lingard. Before and during the Protectorate of Cromwell the aristocracy, to a great extent, were outside of the influences which operated, if at all, on the morals of the middle and lower classes; and the only true reason of the greater prominence given by modern historians, to the licentiousness of the reigns of the two Charleses would seem to be that, when they introduced a freer Literature, they introduced also freer critics, and that the national intellect which had previously coursed in dogmatical channals turned into the neighboring pastures of Belles Lettres.

But, however we may explain away the vices which distinguished those times, it is certain they are not extinct. A case has just been brought before the public, which shows that a virtuous Queen can do but little to make an aristocracy virtuous outside of her own palace. It is the case of a British peer, Lord Westmeath, one of those hereditary legislators who was permitted during the perpetration of the atrocities we are about to narrate, to frame and administer laws, and still contributes his quota of wisdom to the House of Lords.

Within a fortnight a pamphlet has appeared in London from Lady Westmeath, the wife of this nobleman, containing a story of persecution so extraordinary, that it would be impossible to give it credence were it not sustained by evidence, chiefly taken from judicial records. The lady is a daughter of the Marquis of Salisbury, and has always borne a most irreproachable character, having filled the position of Lady-in-Waiting to the late Queen Adelaide down to the hour of her death, who was, like the present Sovereign, scrupulously fastidious about the reputation of the ladies who surrounded her. Many of the documents, too, on which the case rests were found among the papers of the late Duke of Wellington, who stands out as rather a prominent figure in the picture. By these documents it is shown that this hereditary lawmaker kicked his noble wife, and beat her in all manner of forms and places—before childbed, in childbed and out of it; blackened her eyes and bruised her breasts; kept her without half of the necessary food or fire, and wholly without money. In one instance Lord Westmeath attempted, like another Othello, but without his suspicion, to smother her with pillows. Again, when on a visit to Carton, the residence of the Duke of Leinster, and within two months after marriage, the following picture of high life was exhibited:

"In the course of the night, deponent was awoke by Lady Westmeath running into her room, followed by Lord Westmeath; she was flying from him, and told deponent he had been beating her; he continued first ordering and then begging her to return, and that he would not beat her again; Lady Westmeath at length went back very much frightened, deponent with them; the water-jug had plainly been emptied in the fire, which had been so put out, the bed was in confusion, the clothes pulled off, and lying on the floor."

The epithets which ornamented this scene were in keeping with it, but cannot be printed. Anxious to cultivate her mind, too, in a manner becoming the wife of a British peer, it appears that he took out of the library at Carton and pressed upon her for perusal a number of works, which she names, of the most filthy and immoral character, for possessing which any bookseller would be indicted. But this Lord and his lady are not the only characters in this drama. It appears that the Dowager Lady Westmeath, his Lordship's mother, endeavored to induce her daughter to repeat upon no less a personage than the Duke of Wellington the part of Mrs. Potipher with Joseph, for the purpose of advancing the political interests of her son; and when the wife expostulated, her Lord's answer was, "Oh, my poor, dear mother, she didn't know what a square-toe she was talking to when she said that to you." Lady Westmeath adds: "Lord Westmeath is still alive, and will deny this, but I solemnly declare it to be the truth, and that I write this as if I thought myself on my death-bed, and looking forward to every syllable having to be tested in the world to come."

Rumor has it that many other households of the peerage are in a like state of moral dilapidation. In short, if we have our Cunningham cases the English have theirs; and the present on either side of the Atlantic is no improvement on the past, even of the Charleses. Roscommon's rendering of Horace's ode is still appropriate:

"Time sensibly all things impairs:
Our fathers have been worse than theirs;
And we than ours, next age will see
A race more profligate than we,
(With all the pains we take) have skill enough to be!"

SPOILING A COMPLIMENT.

The NEW YORK TABLET, a beautiful and ably conducted sheet, has just been issued. It succeeds the *American Celt* and is edited by Mr. Killian. Yet, it is illiberal in sentiment and as narrow in its ideas, as the most bigoted Know Nothing Proscriptionist, and advocates the support of Catholics for office on the exclusive ground that they are Catholics, just as Know Nothings urge Protestants to support Protestants merely on the ground of their Protestant belief. Consequently the TABLET, however ably conducted, cannot expect to receive the support or countenance of the great body of the Catholic population, who in supporting or opposing candidates for office, act on the true American principle of canvassing their politics instead of their religion — their worth as men instead of their value as sectarians. This liberal feeling on the part of the mass of Catholics in this country, is admitted by the TABLET, which says: "It is the misfortune of the body of which we are a member to stand in the shadow of public opinion, and to have, practically, only the child's weapon —the capacity of crying."—*Troy Daily Budget.*

We regret that the *Budget* has seen fit to destroy the value of its courtesy, by evincing a want of judgment, in its comments. The TABLET has not "advocated the support of Catholics on the *exclusive* ground that they are Catholics" for the simple reason that it knows no difference between a Protestant rogue and a Catholic one; but it has urged that, (other things being equal,) a Catholic may as well represent Catholics as a Protestant, in a liberal country—a different matter. The *Budget's* "consequently" is, therefore, of no consequence at all.

The attempt to draw a distinction between politics and morals, in other words, "the worth of men as politicians and their value as sectarians," if absurd in itself, is nothing new. Politian tried it at Florence where his student, Machiavelli, afterwards composed *The Prince*, wich is justly called "the code of hypocrisy, fraud, and impiety," and every man since that time who has wished to place political acts in the list of indifferent ones having no moral significance, has followed his example. But the very unanimity of politicians on this point tells against them, when we consider the phenomenon of every day life—that the greatest sinners are the most eager to get rid of the ideas of God and accountability, and to persuade themselves that morality is like Fashion, the evidence of predilections, rather than the controller and arbiter of them.

AN INTERESTING LETTER—DID LORD RAGLAN COMMIT SUICIDE?

OUR readers will find in another page a letter which we have translated, from a French Correspondent, on the subject of Lord Raglan's sudden death before Sebastopol during the late war, rendered so notorious for British blunders and French bravery. For its statements we have no further authority than the word of the writer; but it bears on its face one of the requisites of natural truth —probability.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS who wish to continue the TABLET will please remit the amount of subscription from the 1st of January last, immediately.

We intend making the TABLET a first-class paper, and we cannot do it without adopting, as far as practicable, the cash principle.

BIBLES—CAUTION TO PERSONS BUYING HAYDOCK'S ENGLISH EDITION IN NUMBERS—An agent has been selling numbers of this edition at 25 cts. each, recently, in Jersey City, and representing to servant maids that they could have the entire Bible in 18 numbers. Now, the truth is, that there are 46 numbers or more, and that this same English edition is much dearer than the dearest American edition.

J. Turgis, the well-known Engraver and Lithographer, has removed from his former place of business in Broadway, to No. 78 Duane street. A glance at his advertisement in another column, will convince the most fastidious of the excellence of the articles offered for sale, as well as the alacrity and promptness with which they can be supplied.

The warerooms of P. Lynch, 559 Broadway, present a varied assortment of the best and cheapest Pianos and Melodeans to be found in the city. Mr. Lynch is well and favorably known to our most respected citizens. Those in want of a genuine article are certain to have their wishes realized at his hands.

NEW CHURCH OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

The corner stone of the new Church of St. Vincent de Paul, to be erected in Twenty-third street, near Sixth avenue, for the congregation now worshipping in Canal street, was laid last Sunday, 14th inst., by the Most Rev. Archbishop, with appropriate ceremonies. About four o'clock, P.M., in view of witnessing the exercises, a large crowd of at least three thousand persons assembled, crowding a temporary staging on the first floor of the building, the surrounding buildings, yards, and fences. The procession formed at the house of J. B. Nicholson, Esq., No. 87 Twenty-third street, and marched slowly to the church, in the following order:

Detachment of Twentieth ward police.
Father Lafonte, Pastor of the Church.
Acolytes bearing torches and emblems.
The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes.
Vicar-General Starrs.
Attendant Priests.
The Building Committee.

As the procession approached the temporary stand, erected at about the centre of the east side of the church, wending its way through the dense mass the choir chaunted appropriate chaunts, which were continued until the procession had become seated on the platform. Arriving at the corner stone, at the southeast corner of the building, the customary solemnities were observed, and the box deposited in the cavity. In it were enclosed copies of Catholic documents and publications and a brief history of the church and its present officers. The procession then re-formed and proceeded round the church, the Archbishop having pronounced a benediction on the corner stone, and, with an appropriate prayer at each corner, sprinkling the walls of the church, implying its dedication to the work of the Almighty. On returning to the platform the Archbishop addressed the vast multitude as follows:

You have witnessed, beloved brethren, the ceremony of laying the corner stone of a temple to be erected to the honor of Almighty God. The ceremonies attending this, as prescribed by the church, have been complied with. The benediction of the corner stone and the sprinkling of the foundation walls all imply the dedication of this spot to the great end for which it is set apart. God does not require churches of stone or brick at our hands, but we need them, and from the beginning to the end of a temple erected according to Catholic rites, everything is blessed and consecrated to His glory and the salvation of men. This is no longer the same profane ground that it was. Ground and matter are not susceptible of sanctity by themselves, but only by their relations to man, and men by their relations to God. A temple is to be erected here, in which the sacraments of redemption shall be administered; in which the word of eternal life shall be preached and proclaimed; in which children shall be taught the first lessons of their duty to God and their fellow creatures; in which the holy rites of matrimony shall be proclaimed—laying the foundation of everything that is pure and noble—first in humanity, next in society. This temple is to be erected to the honor of Almighty God. All churches of worship or of ceremony must have reference to Him. Although this is to be dedicated under the invocation of a saint of earth, yet it is God whose temple it is. It will be under the invocation of St. Vincent of Paul—and who was St. Vincent of Paul? When he lived on earth he was unnoticed in the world except by his humility and his poverty of spirit, his zeal in the salvation of souls, and his devotion towards everything that concerned the honor and glory of his God. It was he who in the ingenuousness of his charity, invented the idea of Sisters of Charity, so called. Though he has passed from this world nearly two hundred years, still no conqueror that ever desolated provinces; no great warrior leaving behind the bloody prints of his victories over the nations, has been of so much benefit to mankind as the humble St. Vincent of Paul. He is one of those distinguished servants of God. of the land whose sons have undertaken to erect this temple. I need not tell you that the Catholic Church is the same all over the world—no national doctrines belong to it. It is important, and a very desirable thing, that while all are blended in one community of belief by the term Catholic, still every nation and tongue prefers to hear the word of God in that language which has first sounded in the ears of childhood and infancy. Hence it is, that we have French churches—not that they are French other than in the sense I have just mentioned—so also we have German churches, and would to God we could have churches devoted to every language of the nations where Catholicity could be made known. This undertaking is worthy of the nation that has produced, in every department, such distinguished men and warriors—great in evil as well as in good—for there is no mediocrity. The same nation has produced great bad men, as also great best men, whether as warriors, as addicted to jurisprudence, as scientific men, or as men distinguished by eminent ecclesiastical learning and eminent eloquence, by which they have adorned the church of God. and many of whom are ready to shed their blood in the farthest East, or in the lands of paganism, in the work of God. It is proper, therefore, that I should expect you to aid by the contribution of your means, whatever you can, toward the erection of this church of God; and you will find ample reward in encouraging the pastor and people to carry on successfully the work which has been thus begun.

Father Lafonte, the pastor of the church, then delivered a brief address in French, drawing a beautiful comparison between the old and new temples of Jerusalem, and the old and new churches of the present congregation.

The procession then re-formed and proceeded to the house of Mr. J. B. Nicholson, where a sumptuous collation was served to the main participants in the exercises. Many congratulations were passed on the happy commencement of so laudable a work, and after partaking bountifully of the hospitality of their host, the company retired.

The following were among the prominent clergymen present: Vicar General, Father Starrs; Father McClelland, of the Church of Transfiguration; Father Donnelly, Father Lafonte. pastor of the Church of St. Vincent de Paul (now worshipping in Canal street); Father Curran, of St. Andrews; Father Quinn, of St. Peter's, and Father McNearny.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CHURCH.

The church will be in the Roman style of architecture, with two towers and a centre pediment, with the statue of St. Vincent de Paul in front; which will all be of brown stone; the spires will be of cast iron, and the sides and rear of brick; the roof will be covered with slate. The inside will be finished in the Corinthian order, with two aisles 33 feet high, and a semi-circular nave 50 feet high; the naves and ailes will be finished in the sanctury with semi-circular ends, and will have an altar in each, with the sacristies behind it. The basement will be divided into six school-rooms, and a chapel with 400 seats; the church will seat about a thousand. The dimensions will be as follows: outside width 64 feet, length 130 feet, height of front 70 feet, height of spires, 140. The probable cost will be about $100,000. The designs were furnished by the architect, H. Englebert, and are being carried out under his superintendence. The builder is Joseph M. O'Connor.

BUILDING COMMITTEE.—Claudius Ligneaux, Victor Durand, Laville Dubercan, L. N. D'Homergue, Mons. De Comeau, L. Boquet, John Milhau.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

CONFIRMATION AT ST. PETER'S, BARCLAY STREET.—Among the eventful periods of life there are few more full of interest to the Catholic, or to which, in after life, he can look back with so much satisfaction, as that, when pure and unspotted, he approached, for the first time, the Holy Table of the Lord, to partake of the Bread of Life and receive, immediately after, the choicest gifts of the Holy Ghost in the Sacrament of Confirmation. The scenes presented on the occasions of administering this holy sacrament, the worthy reception of which strengthens the timid soul for her struggles with the world, are always interesting and instructive; but that witnessed in St. Peter's Church, on Thursday morning, the Feast of Corpus Christi, was indeed most pleasing to behold. According to previous announcement, the children were all assembled at an early hour; the girls numbering about three hundred, all clothed in white, a beautiful type of their innocence and purity, under the care of those excellent ladies, the Sisters of Charity of the convent in Barclay street; and the boys, about two hundred, under their teachers of both the Day and Sunday schools. Eight o'clock Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Mr. Quinn, Pastor. At the time of administering Holy Communion, the children approached the altar and received. When Mass was concluded, his Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop, preceded by a number of acolytes and clergymen, appeared within the sanctuary; and, having been robed and mitred, delivered a beautiful discourse, which, though not very long, was singularly instructive and appropriate. He showed, in his own happy style, how God, in His infinite wisdom and goodness, had ordained and instituted the sacraments of the Church, as the channels through which he communicated to man His divine grace and most precious gifts. Having concluded his discourse, his Grace, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Quinn, Rev. Mr. McNierney and several other members of the clergy, administered the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation to nearly five hundred persons, among whom were a small number of adults. The parents and friends of the children cannot easily forget this happy event, nor ought they forget the exertions made by the Rev. Pastor to bring it about.

A NEW CATHOLIC COLLEGE.—Few surer signs of the advancement of our Holy Religion can exist than the multiplication of Catholic Colleges through the country. A new Institution in charge of the secular clergy and under the patronage of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati and New Orleans, begins its second year on the 24th of August. Parents in New York, and the East generally, who think their children can study better at a distance from home, will find something to interest them in the "Prospectus of Mt. St. Mary's of the West," in another column.

We understand that Free Schools for Boys and Girls have been opened at St. Stephen's Church, under the direction of the Pastor, Rev. Dr. Manahan.

THE PRESS ON THE TABLET.

THE NEW YORK TABLET.—We have received the impressive "No I, vol. I." of this new *collaborateur*, and, hoped-to-be, old friend. It is very neatly printed, presenting, we are free to say, the handsomest appearance of any weekly we know—not excepting Harper's too pretentious "Journal of Civilization."

The contents are good, and nourishing to the thoughtful mind. There pervades it, the main requisite of all works of art, from a newspaper to an Epic poem—variety in unity. It has the opening new tale of "Elinor Preston," by Mrs. Sadlier, and several tasteful translations and adaptations from the French journals, by an evidently well-skilled hand. Mr. Killian, the editor, is long known to us as possessing a mind overflowing with rich and original thought, and we heartily congratulate him on assuming the helm of a vessel so well equipped as that he now commands.—*Montreal New Era.*

NEW YORK TABLET.—We have received the first number of the NEW YORK TABLET, published by D. and J. Sadlier & Co., the well known book publishers of New York. This paper is designed to take the place of the *Celt* formerly published by T. D. McGee, Esq. It is made up in quarto form, handsomely printed, on fine paper, and contains fourteen pages of reading matter. The editorial department is under the charge of Bernard D. Killian Esq., which is sufficient assurance that it will be conducted with ability and independence. The Sadliers, brothers, are enterprizing and deserving gentlemen. We welcome them into the ranks of Journalists, and wish them success.—*—Lowell Advertiser.*

THE NEW YORK TABLET.—We have received the first and second numbers of this handsomely gotten up new newspaper. The Messrs. Sadlier & Co., display the same enterprise in this publication which they evince in all their literary labors. The TABLET is well printed and better edited. It has our hearty wishes for a long life of usefulness and prosperity.—*Baltimore Mirror.*

THE NEW YORK TABLET.—We are in receipt of the first number of this paper. It is a very neatly got up paper of sixteen pages, and its selections and editorial are of a choice character. We wish the enterprizing publishers entire success with their heavy undertaking. —*Pittsburg Catholic.*

A NEW PAPER.—We have received the first number of the TABLET, a new paper recently started in New York. The new paper is a handsome octavo sheet, and is ably edited. Messrs. Sadlier & Co. are the publishers,—gentlemen who are fully competent to fulfil all their engagements with their patrons.—*Boston Pilot.*

We have received the first number of the NEW YORK TABLET, published by Messrs D. & J. Sadlier & Co., and cannot speak too highly in its praise. It professes to be a family journal; and as such will, we have no doubt, be a welcome visitor in every Catholic family which can appreciate the many advantages to be derived from the perusal of a well conducted journal. The present number contains the commencement of a tale from the pen of Mrs. Sadlier, our talented townswoman.—*Montreal True Witness.*

The first number of the NEW YORK TABLET was issued last week by the proprietors, Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co. It is printed in octava form, and for neatness of arrangement and beauty of typographical execution, will compare favorably with any journal we know of. We cordially bid our new cotemporary welcome, and wish it long life and prosperity.—*Irish American.*

Literature.

TWO YEARS AGO. By the REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, F.S.A., F.L.S., &c., 3 vols: *Cambridge, Macmillan & Co.*, 1857.

We will not soon forget the impression made upon our mind by reading Mr. Kingsley's work, "Hypathia." Its barbaric force—its gorgeous colorings—its flesh and blood characters, from the Jew to the Goth, of the 6th century, all convinced us that its author was one of the best novelists in the English language. A book like "Two Years Ago," with the scene in England instead of on the Nile, is not calculated to attract or to please the class of readers who were fascinated by "Hypathia;" but it is, nevertheless, destined to succeed among a more numerous auditory on both sides of the ocean.

We agree with the Westminster *Review*, which says that the hero is too Kingsleyan—a modern Amyas Leigh, adventurous, muscular, and Saxon—with whom, as with every one else in the book, Mr. Kingsley does what he pleases. He has been equally lordly in the construction of the story. It begins with the end, and ends with the beginning. The plot hangs on a belt worn by Tom Thurnall at the time of his shipwreck off Aberalva, and containing fifteen hundred pounds in notes, the prize of his labor at the diggings. At the close of the third volume Grace Harvey who saved him ceases to be a Methodist, and Tom, brought to the sense above senses by captivity in the prison of an ex-machina Khan, ceases to be an infidel. They meet on common ground—strong where one is weak, weak where one is strong. Mr. Kingsley has hit upon the right sort of lesson for a nature like Tom's—incarceration. But it will be seen that he has a purpose, and has consequently given us melodrama instead of life. The characters are in a state of hopeless subjection to purpose. Elsley Vavasour, poet, Mr. Kingsley tells us, has something loveable in him. He is utterly detestable.

There is a sense of hurry in the book, from beginning to end. The changes of scenes are violently swift, and both in dialogue and description Mr. Kingsley has used very broad brushes. He can do both so well—knowing men and life, and shores and fields,—with a poet's depth of insight and warm heart, that we must lean to the opinion this novel has been hastily thrown off. We are reminded of "Yeast," and "Westward Ho!" now and then as if the poet were living on his capital. Some of the pictures are finely suggestive; and when Mr. Kingsley will only repose a little, and give his reason that relief, few can paint landscapes with his vivid colors: Compare the "Shipwreck," and the "Storm on Glyder Vawr." In the first he is under control, having a terrible scene of human suffering on his mind; in the latter, he is wilder than the dogs of Annwn, hunting the unlucky spasmodist of his fancy. The Yankee and the Quadroon are mere obstructions, brought into illustrate the Slavery question "two years ago," and talking in as high style as we talked about it at that period—with the same result.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. *Republications of Leonard, Scott & Co.*, 79 *Fulton street.*

The Know-Nothings are right!—we are slaves to foreign influence. The Bank of England controls our finances as much as Wall street; English markets dictate prices to the sellers of our home produce; if we need a knife to cut a beefsteak we must send to Sheffield; and, we grieve to say it, if we want to read a first-class article, we must subscribe for an English, Irish, or Scotch Review or Magazine. This is a state of things much to be pitied, but it is true. When we have a dozen such political economists as Henry C. Carey; when we can boast of two or three dozen of authors like Washington Irving; when we shall have cultivated a crop of critics like the writers of English, Irish and Scotch serials, it will, of course, be changed; but, until then, we must depend largely for the safety of our institutions upon the charity of "foreigners," and our stolidity!

We perceive a want of consistency, however, in Know-Nothings between their theory and their practice. Most of them are opposed to a protective tariff, or never offer a thought on the subject; while not one that we know of has given a decent chapter, much less a book-full, of digestable matter to the craving mouths of the reading public. One would think that a party so numerous as that of the modern anti-Gnostics was two years ago, would have in its ranks, at least, one eminent native writer; but when we consider that ignorance and fanaticism are twin-sisters where moral bonds are disregarded, we will see at once the impropriety of expecting anything from them except what they bequeathed us—turbid speeches, declamatory editorials, and the stilted dulness of a monthly *literateur*.

Much as we appreciate the works named above, and much as we admire the enterprise of Messrs. Leonard, Scott & Co. in republishing them, we think their circulation in the United States one of the best evidences of our intellectual poverty. No people is really free which takes its ideas from another, and there is no slavery for it so abject as the slavery of ideas, not its own. On the other hand, if these republications have the effect of inciting our writers to greater exertions in the work of erecting an indigenous literature—if they evoke one spark of genius from where it would otherwise lie dormant—genius true in its developments to the heart and circumstances of the country—they will have performed a good work in the guise of an enemy.

COLLECTIONS, illustrating the History of the Catholic Religion in the counties of Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Somerset, Wilts, and Gloucester. In two parts, Historical and Biographical. With notices of the Dominican, Benedictine, and Franciscan Orders in England. By the Very Rev. GEORGE OLIVER, D.D., Canon of the Diocese of Plymouth. *London: Charles Dolman, 61 New Bond street; and 22 Paternoster Row. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co.* 1857.

The history of the Catholic Church in the Shires named above is remarkable for many stirring personal episodes, but discloses little of that universal spirit of faithfulness to old forms, which is the praise and glory of the Irish character. Before the Reformation no portion of the British realm could be more devoted to the ancient religion;—when martyrdom became the crown of faith, none was more willing to forget it. A few families, however, always remained to testify to the old religious landmarks, and the records of these and their children form the principal, and most entertaining part, of this volume.

It is not a little curious to observe the immense number of Irish names which Dr. Oliver's ploughshare throws up in passing through the sunken Catholic loam of England. From Mr. James Doudal, a Wexford merchant, who was executed on the 13th of August, 1598, for denying the Queen's spiritual supremacy and is quoted as the first martyr of Devonshire, down to the ecclesiastics of the present day, nearly one-third of all are Irish by birth or parentage! Let us hope the word "eccentric" attached so often to the names of Irish priests is in every case justly earned; and that national differences will never allow English Catholics to forget or underrate the part taken by Irish emigrants in the work of former sufferings and modern conversions. Ingratitude was the greatest crime known to the laws of Carthage; it should never have a place in the records of the English Church.

To the general reader these "Collections" would be a dry study; but that they are relieved by glimpses of interesting narrative, the following account of the exhumation of James the Second's body, in 1794, will sufficiently prove:

"The exiled King James II. loved St. Edmund's Convent at Paris. In the Holy Week of 1694 he made here his spiritual retreat; he repeated it in September, 1696. F. Joseph Aprice (who died here 25th July, 1703) was his bosom friend and counsellor. When his majesty expired at St. Germain-en-Laye, 16th September, 1701, his body was brought to St. Edmund's the next day; and, after lying in state for forty days, was solemnly interred in a vault therein prepared for the purpose. There it reposed until the early part of the French Revolution. A Mr. FitzSimons, an Irish gentleman, was witness to its exhumation, and related, in September, 1840, the following circumstances attending it to my friend Pitman Jones:

"'I was a prisoner in Paris, in the convent of the English Benedictines, in the Rue St. Jacques, during part of the Revolution. In the year 1793 or 1794 the body of King James II. of England was in one of the chapels there, where it had been deposited some time, under the expectation that it would one day be sent to England for interment in Westminster Abbey. It had never been buried. The body was in a wooden coffin, enclosed in a leaden one, and that again enclosed in a wooden one, covered with black velvet. While I was so a prisoner, the sansculottes broke open the coffin to get at the lead to cast into bullets. The body lay exposed nearly a whole day. It was swaddled like a mummy, bound tight with garters. The sansculottes took out the body, which had been embalmed. There was a strong smell of vinegar and camphor. The corpse was beautiful and perfect; the hands and nails were very fine; I moved and bent every finger. I never saw so fine a set of teeth in my life. A young lady, a fellow-prisoner, wished much to have a tooth; I tried to get one out for her, but could not, they were so firmly fixed. The feet also were very beautiful. The face and cheeks were just as if he were alive. I rolled his eyes; and the eyeballs were perfectly firm under my finger. The French and English prisoners gave money to the sansculottes for showing the body. They said he was a good sansculotte, and they were going to put him into a hole in the public churchyard, like other sansculottes; and he was carried away, but where the body was thrown I never heard. King George IV. tried all in his power to get tidings of the body, but could not. Around the chapel were several wax moulds of the face hung up, made probably at the time of the king's death, and the corpse was very like them. The body had been originally kept at the palace of St. Germains, whence it was brought to the convent of the Benedictines.'

"Mr. Banks, in his 'Dormant and Extinct Peerage,' vol. iv., p. 450, quotes the Paris papers, affirming that the royal remains were discovered, and transferred to the church of St. Germain-en-Laye, conformably, as it is said, to orders given by King George IV. to his ambassador at Paris; that this interesting ceremony took place on 10th September, 1842; and that the ambassador was represented by Mr. Sheldon, a Catholic gentleman, the bishop of Edinburgh performing the ceremony."

REPORT OF THE RESIDENT PHYSICIAN OF BLACKWELL'S ISLAND HOSPITALS, FOR THE YEAR 1856. January 1, 1857.

Reports of this kind receive too little attention in the Press, when we consider that they form a portion of our history. Human life is made up of two classes of facts—misfortunes and successes; and we can no more form a correct opinion of our civilization from public buildings, general wealth, and numerous churches, without taking into account the woe and want which underlie them, than we can compute the weight of a burrowed mountain from a survey of its superficies.

It would be an interesting study to note the gradual withdrawal of the public eye in prospering countries, from what may be termed charitable works. Beginning at the Reformation, an attentive observer will discover that as Wealth came in at one door Charity went out at the other, and at last, through the efforts of Corporate bodies, or through the beneficence of private individuals, got housed in institutions where the cries of the unfortunate were shut out by stone and mortar from the luxurious seclusion of the successful. He will quickly detect how the society represented by Duke Louis, Landgrave of Thuringia, who besieged Wurtemburg to recover a pedlar's pack, drifted away from the face of Europe and disclosed the society indicated by self-possessed traders who paid taxes to the municipality to have beggars taken from their gate. And, if he be a man above the currents of the day, he will, assuredly, regret the transformation from a state so well adapted to the growth and exercise of the virtue of almsgiving to one in which the virtue is lost under the garb of taxes paid to Governments for the protection they afford to holders of property.

Still, it is well to have the unfortunate cared for, in any way, and a report like this before us, reminds us that good works may be done even by proxy. Facts like the following cannot be too often dinned into the ears of a community like ours:

The respective numbers of natives and foreigners admitted during the year 1856, was 518 of the former to 1,215 of the latter. The proportions are:

Natives	29 9-10	per cent.
Foreigners	79 1-10	"
	100	

Of the children of temperate

	parents	37 5-10	per cent.
" "	moderate drinkers	6 9-10	"
" "	intemperate parents	8 2-10	"
" "	habitual drunkards.	2 6-10	"
" "	parents whose habits were unascertained	6 4-10	"

WERE TEMPERATE.

" "	temperate parents	15 8-10	"
" "	moderate drinkers	23 1-10	"
" "	intemperate parents	4 7-10	"
" "	habitual drunkards.	7 9-10	"

If we examine these facts in connection with each other, we shall find that the parents of 25 6-10 per cent. were temperate; and of the children of these parents 37 5-10 per cent. continued temperate, 15 8-10 per cent. had become moderate drinkers, 31 1-10 per cent. had fallen to intemperance, and 15 6-10 per cent. had reached the bottom of the gulf, and acknowledged themselves habitual drunkards; 33 2-10 per cent. of the parents were moderate drinkers; very few of their children were temperate, not quite 7 in every 100; 23 1-10 per cent. followed the parents' example, and were moderate drinkers; 47 6-10 per cent. were temperate, and 22 4-10 per cent. were habitual drunkards. The intemperate parents amounted to 29 6-10 per cent., and of their children 8 2-10 per cent. were temperate; 4 7-10 per cent. were moderate drinkers; 71 1-10 per cent. intemperate, and 61 per cent. were habitual drunkards; 4 4-10 per cent. of the parents were habitual drunkards, and of their children 2 6-10 per cent. were temperate; 7 9-10 per cent. were intemperate, and 59 2-10 per cent. were habitual drunkars, following their parents' example to its full extent.

Table O gives the profession of religion; the proportions are:

Protestants	35	per cent.
Roman Catholics	57 4-10	"
Jews	4-10	"
Non-professors	6 1-10	"
Unascertained	1 1-10	"
	100	

In accounting for the number of foreigners in the different institutions of Blackwell's Island it must be remembered that New York is the leading *entrepot* of foreign immigration; that those who arrive in it bring with them, on an average, less capital according to their numbers, than those who arrive in the ports of British America, or even Boston and Philadelphia; that the competition for labor is greater here than in any other city of the continent; and, that morality is at a lower ebb in our atmosphere than in that of less flourishing cities. With these facts before the mind, one can form an opinion of, and find an apology for, the large foreign contingent in our public institutions.

Dr. Sanger has our thanks and deserves those of the community for his able and suggestive Report.

THE WORKS OF GERALD GRIFFIN. In 4 volumes. *D. & J. Sadlier & Co.*, 164 *William street, New York.*

These four volumes of the works of the sainted-souled Gerald Griffin contain the stories of THE COLLEGIANS, THE CARD DRAWER, THE HALF SIR, SUIL DHUV, The Coiner; THE AYLMERS OF BALLYAYLMER, THE HAND AND WORD, THE BARBER OF BANTRY, THE RIVALS, and TRACY'S AMBITION. They are indispensable to any Irish-American Library.

EDITH MORTIMER; or, Trials of Life. By Mrs. PARSONS, author of "Thornbury Abbey," &c. *London: C. Dolman, 61 New Bond street. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co.* 1857.

This is a good tale well told. It is fitted for readers of any age.

AN EXQUISITE LYRIC.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

All in our marriage garden
Grew, smiling up to God,
A bonnier flower than ever
Suck'd the green warmth of the sod
O, beautiful unfathomably
Its little life unfurled;
Life's crown of sweetness was our wee
White Rose of all the world.

From out a gracious bosom
Our buds of beauty grew
It fed on smiles for sunshine,
And tears for daintier dew;
Aye, nestling warm and tenderly,
Our leaves of love were curled
So close and close about our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Two flowers of glorious crimson
Grew with our Rose of light;
Still kept the sweet heaven-grafted slip
Her whiteness saintly white.
I' the wind of life they danced with glee,
And redden'd as they whirl'd;
White, white and wondrous grew our wee
White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance
Our house of life she filled—
Revealed each hour some fairy tow'r
Where winged hopes might build.
We saw—though none like us might see—
Such precious promise pearl'd
Upon the petals of our wee
White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo
Of angel light increased,
Like the mystery of moonlight
That folds some fairy feast.
Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently,
Our darling bud upcurled,
And dropt i' the grave—God's lap—our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom;
Our life was but in spring;
When down the solemn midnight
We heard the spirits sing:
"Another bud of infancy,
With holy dews impearl'd;"
And with their hands they bore our wee
White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing
Could leave a loss so large;
Her little light such treasure fling
From dawn to sunset's marge.
In other springs our life may be
In bannered bloom unfuried,
But never, never match our wee
White Rose of all the world.

THE IRISH BRIGADE
IN THE
SERVICE OF FRANCE.

AN HISTORICAL LECTURE,
By Thomas Darcy McGee.

[CONCLUDED.]

The battle of Almanza, fought on the 13th of March, 1707, decided the Spanish succession, and placed King Philip, a Bourbon, on the Spanish throne. It enabled Louis XIV. to say—"The Pyrenees! there are no Pyrenees!" The French were commanded by the Duke of Berwick—natural son to our James the Second—a better General than his unfortunate father. The allies were led by the Marquis of Minas. The Irish contingent—four regiments—were on the right; thirteen squadrons of horse on the extreme left, were commanded by O'Mahony, the hero of Cremona. The infantry were in the centre. The allies, after a gallant struggle, broke and fled, leaving 15,000 men—chiefly Spanish and English—dead on the field of battle. The war was protracted in Spain, but the succession of the Spanish Bourbons was an established fact, from and after the day of Almanza.

I have alluded to Cremona, which is one of the most extraordinary sieges in military history. The scene of the last mentioned event was Spain,—of the present one Italy;—the time was the year 1702. Cremona on the left bank of the Po, was surrounded by works five miles in circuit; its French garrison was 8,000 strong; but this garrison, like Hannibals' degenerate army, was sunk in dissipation. The Imperialists and their allies, under Prince Eugene and Count Merci, endeavored to surprise it; it was saved by the daring and coolness of O'Mahony—(I need not tell you where he came from.) Prince Eugene, through the treachery of one of the inhabitants, was enabled to introduce some of his troops in disguise by an old aqueduct into the town; these admitted their comrades; Count Merci after entered it in force, seized the market-place and two of the gates; the Imperialists were already within a few yards of the opposite gate where a second reinforcement awaited them. Major O'Mahony, "a great Martinet, had ordered his men to parade at daybreak;" as he lay on his bed, he heard the tramp and the word of the Imperialists. Seizing the first opportunity, he rushed to his barracks, turned out the two Irish regiments, "in their small clothes and shirts," attacked the Austrians elated with so easy a victory, and already holding a council to know what they should do with the town, drove them from the Mantuan gate, and back into the *plaza*. Villeroy, the Commandant, had been seized and carried off to Prince Eugene's camp; but the rest of the garrison being now roused, repulsed the Austrians and saved Cremona. When sent to Paris with the despatches, O'Mahony was modestly silent as to the peculiar part played by his countrymen. "You have said nothing," said King Louis, "of my brave Irish." "They fought in conjunction with the other troops of your Majesty," answered O'Mahony. The hero of Cremona was raised to the rank of Colonel and Lieutenant-General; two Captains of the second Irish regiment—(Burke's) were promoted; the officers and men had their pay increased; and the personal thanks of his Majesty gratified their pride, while his munificence recruited their finances.

At Blenheim and Ramillies, fortune deserted the French arms, and crowned with splendor, surpassing even Prince Eugene's, the name of Marlboro.' Those battles were fought two years apart—in 1704 and 1706. In both, Lord Clare's Dragoons not only saved their own standards, but won new honors—at Blenheim they took two standards; at Ramillies they made a successful charge which covered the retreat. But it would be utterly impossible for me to enumerate the actions in which they signalized themselves, not only by lofty daring, but by singular presence of mind—a quality of mind, most unjustly, but most industriously denied to this whole people. I hasten to the great day of their renown—to the field of Fontenoy—the greatest field Europe had seen before the era of Napoleon

King Louis XV. laid siege in person to Tournay, with an army of 79,000 men. Marshal Saxe commanded under him. The Duke of Cumberland, son of George I., of Culloden, commanded the English and their allies, 59,000 strong, who advanced to succor Tournay. The King and Saxe, leaving 18,000 to maintain the siege, advanced with somewhat over 40,000 men, including the entire Irish Brigade, to meet the Anglo-Dutch, nearly 60,000 strong. It was a long bright day in June, 1746, when these hundred thousand warriors closed in battle, in the midst of the quiet Flemish landscape. The "reserve" of the Anglo-Dutch was composed of the English household troops—6,000 picked men, commanded by Lord John Hay; on the French side the reserve was, the six Irish regiments and Fitz-james' horse, commanded by Lord Clare. Saxe's right, centre, and left, touched respectively the wood of Barri, the village of Fontenoy, and the river Scheldt. Cumberland and Saxe alternately attacked, and repelled attacks along the whole line for some hours. In attempting to turn the wood of Barri, Ingoldsby (the English seecnd) was badly beaten; Walbeck failed twice against the left, "The Duke" (as *he* was called in *his* day) ordered up his reserve; and Lord John Hay's 6,000 advanced in a single column, "slowly and evenly as if on parade ground." They struck their generous foes with admiration—even with awe. The French infantry broke before them; Louis' household cavalry were overwhelmed. The King turned his horse's reign from the field, but Saxe begging him to stop, ordered up the Irish reserve. It was now Lord Clare against Lord John Hay, and empires hung in the balance. With their wild Gaelic war-cry—"Remember Limerick, and Saxon faith!"—those exiled demi-gods broke upon the advancing mass, and overwhelmed them in their premature pride. The completest victory of the war—a victory which completed a speedy, and to France an honorable peace—was the result. But it cost the Brigade dearly; one-fourth of their officers and one-third of their men lay dead on the field of their fame. Lord Clare was created a Marshal. Colonel Lally (the famous Lally Tolendal) a Brigadier-General, and all the other survivors were promoted, decorated, or rewarded. King Louis rode down to their bivouac personally to thank them; and George II. exclaimed in the bitterness of his disappointment—"Accursed be the laws that deprived me of such subjects!" Well may we imagine the main actors in this memorable scene, as Thomas Davis has finely described them:

"Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang.
Bright was the steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are flash'd with gore;
Thro' shatter'd ranks, and sever'd files, and trampled flags they tore.
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled—
The green-hill side is matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain and far away pass'd on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won."

And as they rested their wearied arms from slaughter, we think we hear them breathing the wish another poet has thus expressed:

"We prayed that Heaven would grant us,
And then we'd die with joy,
One day upon our own dear soil,
Like that of Fontenoy!"

What thoughts were theirs, as they surveyed that field, or knelt—for the spirit of ancient piety had not yet all departed—before their cruciform-hilted swords, and improvised their own *Te Deum!* What thoughts were King George's when the imprecation on the Penal Laws was wrung from him by the tidings of the defeat sustained on the very verge of victory! Aye! the value of the men, who, if they had dwelt disarmed in Ireland, willing, or at least passive slaves, would have been despised and despoiled, was now beginning to be felt, even by the House of Brunswick. Though they did not all see it, Fontenoy *was* fought for Ireland. Their value read by the lights that burned in Notre Dame, and proclaimed by the bells that pealed victory over France—their value was beginning to be felt, and the first leaver applied to the Penal fabric had its fulcrum on the field of Fontenoy.

It is utterly impossible in a single discourse, to follow up in detail the after-fortunes of the Brigade. They served in India under their countryman Lally, Captain-General of Pondicherry, at Oswego and Fort William Henry, under the Marquis d'Montcalm—the hero—one of the heroes of Quebec—in the war of the American Revolution under Rochambeau and Count Dillon, and in the French West Indies. Their most eminent officers in the latter ages were Lally, the Brothers Dillon, Jennings, (better known by his French title, Kilmaine,) and Daniel O'Connell, the uncle of the Liberator. Lally's execution—reversed long after through the filial devotion of his son—is justly called "a stain on the judicial character" of Louis XVI. One of the Dillons was literally torn to pieces by a frantic mob at Lisle; the other died on the steps of the Tulleries in defence of Maria Antoinette—the remembrance of whose devotion drew from her the thrilling exclamation in her darkest hour—"Alas! there are no more Dillons." Kilmaine entered the service of the Republic, and won his highest honors under Bonaparte. Count O'Connell and the majority of the officers and men, emigrated with the French Princes—afterwards Louis XVIII., and Charles X., in 1791. It was to this gallant remnant the Princes presented a banner with this motto—

"1692—1792.
Semper et ubique fideles."

"Always, and everywhere faithful!"—aye! they were. Faithful to the unhappy James; faithful to the fortunate Louis, who had adopted them in their exile; faithful to their chiefs the Sarsfields and the Dillons; faithful to their standards, their traditions and their God. They soared above the English, and they disappeared in the French revolution. Like one of those migratory flocks common in the wintery season of the year stretching across a clouded sky, now depressed, now elated, exulting in their strength, or wailing for lost brethren—they soar above that dismal penal century, pursuing their way seemingly, but not really, without a Providential direction. Illustrious men! who can contemplate your glorious brotherhood without emotion? What Irish heart will not throb with pride at the mention of Cremona, of Almanza, of Fontenoy? I invite you, my friends, to study for yourselves the history of the Irish Brigade. You will see in their lives better than anywhere else I know, how it was some thousands of gallant men scattered throughout Europe in the last century, made the Irish name respectable and influential. It is certainly not very safe to insult a man with a sword by his side; but it is not alone this sort of effect—to which I allude—though it is pleasant to see arms in the hands of our friends. Their capacity for command over themselves and others was demonstrated by several of the officers of those troops, as Commandants of Belgrade, Prague, Cadiz, Majorca, Grodno, and other frontier posts and citadels of the first consequence; we can count among them Marshals of France, of the Empire and of Russia; Aulic Counsellors at Vienna; General Officers in the Spanish, Sardinian, Bavarian, and Neapolitan services. I hope I do not lay myself open to the charge recently made by an eastern newspaper, of claiming every important personage that rises in the world as an Irishman—no one, I hope, will ever have the presumption to claim that illustrious Editor as one—still I cannot help saying that the ancestors of the O'Dillon Barrots, the Dalton-Shees, the Cavaignacs, and MacMahons of France *were Irish* exiles: that the O'Sullivans of Belgium, the O'Donnells of Spain, and the Nugents of Austria are equally Irish. The father of the present Count O'Donnell of Austria was refused admittance to the presence of his uncle, an illustrious Austrian officer, because he could not speak *Irish;* and the *cadet* had to return to the Irish convent at Prague to learn the Celtic tongue before his uncle would recognize him. Some may think this was going too far—but is it not on such extremes that national devotion depends? The late Dictator of Spain when Governor of Cuba, (as his countryman, Don Alexander O'Reilly, had been before him,) maintained a cordial correspondence with the Baltimore O'Donnells, his distant relatives, and always spoke of his Milesian blood. And so with all the rest; they were men too intelligent not to know, and too brave not to vindicate, the true character of their ancestors.

Nor was it by the sword alone they rose. With the eloquence of their island (you can knock an orator out of any bush in Ireland), they could hardly fail to be courtiers. The Swiss and the Hessians have bravely served foreign Princes, and have been rewarded in titles and with wealth. But I am not aware that any fact like this can be told of any other military order of exiles—that in 1809, the portfolios of war were held in five different European Cabinets by five Irishmen—Clark (Duc de Feltre) in France; an O'Donnell, in Spain; a Nugent, in Austria; a Kavanagh, in Bavaria: and Lord Castlereagh (though we don't boast of him) was virtually War Minister of England. In the Memoirs of the Russian Princess, Daschkoff, the friend of Catherine the Great, she speaks of meeting at Berlin or Vienna, as well as I remember, three ambassadors from different Courts, all Irishmen. Quite recently when the Duke of Brabant was bethrothed to an Austrian Princess, the proxy for the King of Belgium was the Count O'Sullivan; for the Emperor, Count O'Donnell. The mere *sabreur* does not rise to such trusts and honors as these; nor can men of any exotic race acquire such dignities, closely contested as they are, and ought to be, by native competitors, without well-grounded claims to them.

My friends, the illustrious generations of whom I speak left the name of Irishmen respected throughout the earth at the close of the last century. The Orators, the Poets, and the Patriots of Ireland, did not all die with that era. We inherit their example and their history. It is true we do not dwell on an equally divided continent, where the sword is the beam of the balance of power. One great American State alone exists in our day. The rest have no foreign, and no continental policy. Our times, thank God, are, at present, peaceful; and long may they continue so! Our prospects, our duties, our dangers, rise out of the political order. We are an industrial army, conquering a continent for generations unborn. Look around you, and ask yourselves if we have advanced Irish character as far in our generation as those of whom I have spoken did in their days? If not, why not? Are the odds against us greater? Hath not "peace its victories no less renowned than war?" Are our relations and children less dear to us than to the men of the camp? I will not attempt to answer these pregnant questions; I leave them to your own private consideration.

My countrymen by birth, I address myself to you. I have chosen this subject to demonstrate before you that our race may be as great in action as they are admittedly in speculation. Their presence of mind, their sustained vigor, when disciplined, may be made quite equal to their natural gifts; the contrary opinion is all an invention of the enemy. It is the worst and subtlest of all the forms of Imperial injustice—this foul conspiracy against the genuine Irish character. To defeat utterly that conspiracy what is wanting? Can we talk it down, legislate it down, write it down? No, Gentlemen, but you and you, and I, can all help, each in his own way, *to live it down.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

The following anecdote is related of a certain eminent tragedian, who, together with several of his friends, had been invited to dine with an old gentleman of distinguished kindness, urbanity and piety. The host, though disapproving of theatres and theatre-going, had heard so much of the tragedian's remarkable powers, that curiosity to see the man had, in this instance, overcome all his scruples and prejudices. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted, and the company re-seated in the drawing-room, some one requested him as a particular favor, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's Prayer. The tragedian expressed his willingness to afford them this gratification, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him.

He rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deadly pale, and his eyes, turned trembling upwards, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, until at length the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his richtoned voice, from white lips, syllabled forth, "Our Father, who art in heaven," &c., with a pathos and solemnity that thrilled all hearts.

He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard, or a muscle moved in his rapt audience, until from a remote corner of the room a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman, their host, stepped forward with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized him by the hand.

"Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel gratified. I am an old man, and every day from my boyhood to the present time I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer, but I have never heard it before, never."

"You are right," replied the tragedian; "to read that prayer as it should be read has caused me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from being yet satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness, and grandeur can be condensed into a space so small, and in words so simple."

So great was the effect produced, (says our informant, who was present,) conversation was sustained but a short time longer in subdued monosyllables, and almost entirely ceased; and soon after, at an early hour, the company broke up and retired to their several homes with sad faces and full hearts.

GREAT FAILURE IN LIVERPOOL.—The failure has been announced from Liverpool of Mr. John Doherty, in the American provision and corn trade; the liabilities are said to amount to £100,000, and it is feared the assets are small.

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LEGENDS
AND
TALES OF IRELAND.

[FROM A WORK IN PREPERATION, BY MRS. J. SADLIER.]

Death of Hugh de Lacy and his Burial in Bective Abbey, A. D. 1195.

The great Norman palatine of Meath had, to all human appearance, raised himself to the summit of human greatness. From his great personal valor and military experience, together with extraordinary prudence and sagacity, Hugh de Lacy had all along been one of the greatest bulwarks of the English power in Ireland. In the great invasion of 1172 he had taken a prominent part, and for all the remaining years of his life he continued to be one of the greatest scourges of the native Irish, and one of the most renowned champions of the Pale. Independent of the vast grants of land bestowed upon him by the English King, De Lacy had by stratagem and every other means, increased his possessions to an extent that eventually alarmed the jealous mind of Henry II. To crown all, and still farther to strengthen his position, he had taken for his second wife the daughter of Roderick O'Connor, King of Ireland, a step that was peculiarly offensive to the English Monarch. But De Lacy could afford to smile at the petulant remarks of Henry as to his growing power, well knowing that the latter had too much work on his hands in England and Normandy to direct any considerable force against his princely liege-men in Ireland, even if they did, perchance, require paternal correction. So De Lacy went on from year to year, helping himself to slice after slice from the adjacent territories of the Irish chieftains, and studding his wide domains with bristling fortresses, calculated to overawe the natives, whose knowledge of military architecture was far behind that of their Norman invaders.

It so happened that Hugo, building a castle at Durrow, in the King's County, had, unhappily for himself, pitched on the site of an ancient monastery founded by St. Columba, an act which was considered by the people of the neighborhood as nothing short of sacrilege.

Many a curse was pronounced against the haughty Sassenach, and ancient chronicles were ransacked for prophecies of evil doom to him who uprooted the foundations of Columba's ancient walls. But little cared Hugo de Lacy for the sullen discontent of the people, and as little for the curses so plentifully heaped on himself and his undertaking. The work went on with the usual rapidity of all his erections, and in the hands of skilful architects, was speedily brought to a successful conclusion, and De Lacy laughed to scorn those who presaged coming evil.

Some of the outworks were yet incomplete, and De Lacy walked forth one morning with three of his followers to inspect the works. He was a man of low stature, with a short, thick neck, a broad muscular chest, thickly covered with hair, and a face fearfully disfigured by some accidental scald in his earlier years. His small deep-set eyes were dark and piercing, indicating the indomitable energy which characterized the man, and his frame, though rather diminutive in size, was compact and firmly knit. Such appeared Hugo de Lacy, the great Norman palatine of Meath, the most successful of all the English adventurers who followed in the train of Henry the Second, when, on that eventful day he stepped beyond the precincts of his new Castle of Durrow, little dreaming of what was soon to follow.

The baron was in the act of giving some directions to one of his workmen, and had stooped to examine a certain part of the work, when from behind a projection of the outer wall darted forth a young Irish soldier, who, drawing from beneath his *cothal* a heavy battle-axe, aimed a blow at De Lacy, which severed the head from the body. Before the terror-stricken attendants had recovered sufficient presence of mind to pursue the murderer, the latter had gained a considerable distance, and fled with the speed of an antelope across the plain towards the wood of Clair. The alarm was speedily given; the workmen and a few of the attendants of the baron set off in pursuit of the daring young Irishman, but too much time had already been lost, and his rapid flight continuing unabated, he was very soon lost to sight in the deep recesses of the wood. Thither no Englishman dared to follow, it being well known to contain a considerable party of "the Irish enemy," belonging to the native chief of that country, a wily leader, who was surnamed the Fox.

So all the English had to do was to take up the body of their murdered chief, and convey it to the castle, the head being picked up from out the ditch, into which it had fallen on being severed from the trunk.

The noise of this disastrous event spread like lighting through the English territory, and great was the consternation attendant thereon. The wail of sorrow loud and deep was heard from many an embattled pile, where the Norman arches kept watch and ward, for, in presence of such an unexpected catastrophe, even those of the barons who envied De Lacy's wealth and power, were struck with horror and indignation. If Hugo had been grasping and ambitious for himself, he was none the less the stoutest champion of the Pale, the most powerful protector of his race in that strange and hostile country. With faces pale and ghastly, the sturdy bowmen asked each other, "When shall another De Lacy arise to lead us on?" and from their desponding hearts came back the doleful answer, "Never! never again shall his like appear amongst the English of the Pale—wo! wo! for the stalwart arm and the steady hand and the keen eye lost to us for ever!"

When the body had lain in state for some days, during which time the Norman lords, both spiritual and temporal, had assembled from all parts of the English country, it was resolved that Bective Abbey, being one of the chief monastic establishments within the Pale, and, moreover, situate in De Lacy's own territory, should have the honor of receiving his remains. Still, as the head was dissevered from the trunk, it was deemed advisable to bestow that august member on the Abbey of St. Thomas the Martyr, in Dublin, where De Lacy's first wife, a Norman lady, was interred.*

Amongst the prelates who assisted at the burial of Hugo de Lacy, two are particularly mentioned, probably on account of their high functions, viz.—the Archbishop of Cashel, O'Heney by name, who was then Papal Legate in Ireland, and John Comyn, Archbishop of Dublin. The funeral procession was accompanied with all the pomp of that chivalric age, far exceeding all that latter times had seen in Ireland, and when the body of the dead warrior was laid on the *catafalque* before the high altar in the Abbey-Church of Bective, with the well-worn banner of the victorious baron hanging in massive folds above, the scene was one of dazzling splendor, and of most impressive solemnity.

"The marble floor was swept by many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests, round him that slept, sang
Mass for the parted soul."

The present appearance of Bective Abbey, thus associated with the memory of the great De Lacy, is thus graphically described by a recent writer: "From the bridge of Bective, or Begty, situate midway between Trim and Navan, we obtain a pleasing view of the adjoining abbey, upon the left bank of the river. From this point the ruins present the imposing and picturesque appearance of a castellated mansion, rearing high its turrets, gables, and chimneys, and showing that its architect had both comfort and security in view. The tints which usually play upon the walls of Bective are of a richer and more varying hue than we have ever seen elsewhere. The square grey towers, gables, and chimneys, rendered in some parts perfectly golden by the most brilliant orange and yellow lichens, and in parts festooned with the dark-green drapery of the Irish ivy, rising out of the light feathery foliage of a plantation of young larch, and standing in the midst of a field of corn, which stretches between the ruins and the blue waters of the Boyne, form upon a summer's evening one of the most lovely objects in nature.

"The ruins of this great Cistercian monastery are among the most perfect in Meath, and enough still remains to enable the tourist to decide, with a tolerable degree of certainty, upon the original use of each compartment, and every room and cell in the building; and as the present proprietor has enclosed them with a wall, they are less desecrated than most of the ecclesiastical remains in Ireland.

* * * * *

"An arcade of pointed cinquefoil arches, supported by light clustered pillars, decorated with elegantly-carved capitals, separates the cloister from the courtyard or quadrangle, on the southern side; and beneath one of these tradition says that the great Lord Palatine was buried. The carving of this colonade is, from the hardness of the Ardbraccan stone, of which it is built, and the sharpness of the cutting, in fine preservation, and well worthy the attention of the archæological and antiquarian student. On the extreme western pilaster we find a figure, cut in relief, of an abbot, and above it a shield enclosing three fleur-de-lis, probably the arms of the prelate, interred beneath, for we know that underneath these arcades the ecclesiastics of olden times were wont to place their most venerable dead. . . . The great tower at the entrance above the porch is still very perfect, and by its loop-holes and battlements, shows that the inmates were, occasionally at least, entitled to be considered a part of the Church Militant."*

* Boyne and Blackwater, ch. v., pp. 108-111.

* A controversy arose in aftertimes between these two abbeys as to which should have the entire body of De Lacy. The dispute being referred to the Pope, he empowered the Bishop of Meath to decide between the contending parties, when the body was adjudged to the Dublin Abbey, as being already in possession of the head.

— In our next, MALACHY THE SECOND AND THE DANES OF DUBLIN, AND KING AWLEY'S PILGRIMAGE.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Politics Stagnant.—Distinguished Guests.—Benediction of the Renaudin by the Cardinal-Archbishop.—His Eminence's Address.—Slight Indisposition of Pope Pius IX.—His Holiness' Stay at Loretto.—His Enthusiastic Reception Everywhere.—Imperial Movements.—Charlemagne's Talisman.

PARIS, 28th May, 1857.

The position of affairs in the political world, at least in our half of it, is most disheartening—to correspondents and journalists in general. All difficulties are ended, or on the way to a successful issue, and emperors, kings and princes having nothing to do at home, improve the shining hours by visiting their Imperial and Royal neighbors. Were it not for the opportunity afforded them of filling up their columns by writing the Odysseys of the distinguished wanderers, the journals here would be reduced to an absolute famine of news. Apropos of illustrious strangers, we cannot complain of not having our share of them, for I have counted no less than nineteen royal or princely visitors who have done us—and the Emperor and Empress of France—the honor of a call during the past year. They are the Duke of Cambridge; King Pedro of Portugal, and his brother, the Duke of Oporto; Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, with the Princess Charlotte, and the Prince of Wales; Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia; the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, the son and daughter-in-law of the King of the Belgians; the Prince Regent of Baden; the Prince Royal of Prussia; the Archduke Marimilian of Austria; Prince Oscar of Sweden: the Prince of Nassau; Prince Danilo, the Vladika of Montenegro; the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia; King Maximilian II. of Bavaria, and his Eminence Monsignor Patrizzi, legate *a latere*, who came from Rome for the baptism of the Prince Imperial.

A most interesting and imposing ceremony took place at Bordeaux during the past week, in presence of the Grand Duke Constantine. It was the benediction of a new government vessel, the *Renaudin*, previously to its being launched. His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, Monsignor Donnet officiated, and was assisted by his Vicars-General, and the clergy of the Parish of Sainte Croix. Among the lay dignitaries present, besides the Grand Duke, were the Commissary General of the Navy, and all the notabilities of the city. An immense multitude thronged the dockyards; both sides of the river were lined with spectators, and the stream itself was almost hid under the innumerable crowd of boats and craft of all descriptions, which floated on its bosom. On a spacious estrade was erected a magnificently decorated altar, in front of which stood the Cardinal-Archbishop and the assistant clergy. Before commencing the ceremony of blessing the new vessel, his Eminence addressed the Archduke in a discourse in which, to elevated thought were allied nobleness of imagery and grandeur of style. The eloquent and venerated speaker took his text from the 106th Psalm:

Qui descendunt mare in navibus, facientes operationem in aquis multis.

I cannot resist the temptation of translating for the benefit of your readers, a few short passages from that admirable discourse, which shows that however pulpit eloquence may have degenerated elsewhere, at least here, in France, the spirit of Bossuet, of Massillon, and of Bourdaloue, still animates the hearts and inspires the lips of the successors of those glories of the Catholic Church:

"Prince: The Church, attentive and vigilant mother that she is, makes what man devotes to most ordinary uses of life, contribute to her action on the soul. By spiritualizing matter, she bestows it on the language of intelligence; she imposes on it, as it were, an apostolic mission. Whatever she calls to her aid partakes of her greatness, of her holiness, of her celestial power. Hence the vivid impressions produced by everything that conduces to the eclat of our ceremonies, and hence the incompleteness of every fete, if religion does not show her cloudless brow, and make her divine voice heard.

"Such is the end of the solemnity which brings us together. Such are the motives which induced us to comply with your invitation, Monsieur le Commissaire General, as the vessel belonged to the State and as you, a worthy interpreter of the sentiments and faith of our august sovereign, desired that the blessing of heaven should consecrate this new work of one of our most skilful constructors and assure it the chances of a prosperous future."

* * * * * * * *

"Thank God, the grand and floating palace on which we are about to call down the blessings of Heaven is not destined to become an instrument of death between two great empires who have known how to esteem each other in war and who know how to unite with, and love each other under the shadow of peace. It will bear the seeds of truth, the riches of industry, of commerce and of agriculture. The ship is to the nations, as an immense artery which completes, by mingling them together, the riches of every tribe. It gives and receives and the life of nations is renewed. This is what the Prophet from whom we have taken the words with which we commenced, has expressed with his usual conciseness: *Qui descendunt mare in navibus, facientes operationem in aquis multis.*

"Glorious destiny! Who knows but that this vessel may offer a fortunate shelter to some of those men in whom are personified all the benefits, and all the glories of apostleship? *Spes orbis terrarum ad ratem confugiens.* It was a ship that bore the heart of Saint Paul from isle to isle, from kingdom to kingdom, and that through him, as afterwards through Saint Francis Xavier, disseminated the word of social regeneration: *Semen nativitatis.* It was on a frail skiff that Jesus often preached the Gospel to the multitude: *Et iterum cæpit docere ad mare, ita ut navim ascendens sederet in mari, et docebat eos.*

"Be then an instrument of salvation, of peace, of civilization, and of prosperity, matter up to this moment inert, on which we are going to beg [the Lord to shower down his celestial benedictions. Be worthy of thy mission; make the great name of the country which brought thee forth loved and respected everywhere; forget not that the element which opens to thee its bosom is that over which, before the birth of the world itself, the Spirit of God hovered to fecundify it: *ferebatur super aquas.* May that element sometimes so terrible, be to thee ever favorable; may it aid thee to distribute among the foreign nations the riches of our soil, and to demand from them what foreseeing nature has prepared for us within their bosoms! May that mutual communication be a pledge of that esteem, and that interchange of affection of which we desire to show ourselves worthy in all places!"

After having read the prayers of the church, his Eminence walked round the vessel and blessed it, and the religious ceremony being ended, the *Renaudin* was safely launched, and soon bore herself nobly on the waves, the "inert mass" having become as it were a thing of life.

The arrival of his Holiness Pius the Ninth at Bologna, has been retarded in consequence of an indisposition which, though happily not severe, rendered necessary a few days of repose. The Pope passed that interval of rest at Loretto. The fact of his Holiness' sojourn in that city, brought thither crowds of distinguished persons desirous of seeing the Sovereign Pontiff. Deputations from all the different localities arrived for the purpose of soliciting the honor of a visit from the Holy Father. Wherever he goes Pius IX. showers money and favors of all kinds with an unsparing hand. It is well to remark that the expenses of the voyage, as well as the donations of all descriptions, prompted by the Holy Father's munificence, are paid out of his Holiness' private purse; he has asked nothing from the State Treasury.

During his Holiness' stay in Macerata he visited the civil and military hospitals, whispering words of consolation to the sick, encouraging the Sisters of Charity in their holy labor,

and giving everywhere proofs of his inexhaustible bounty and goodness. The Intendant of Teramo, with General Carolis, Commander of the Gendarmerie of the Province, visited his Holiness at Loretto, and presented the homage of the King of the Two Sicilies. The Consuls of Austria, France and Naples, residing at Ancona, where an Austrian flotilla placed at the Pope's disposal awaits his orders, went to meet his Holiness at Macerata.

Triumphal arches and columns, inscriptions, fetes of all kinds, mark the presence of the successor of St. Peter in each of the cities on his route. Nothing can equal the enthusiasm which greets him everywhere. Each city tries to surpass all the others in the magnificence of its welcome to the Supreme Pontiff. The requests of audiences are very numerous, but Pius IX. finds time for them all, and no Sovereign ever granted them more freely. The moral effect of his Holiness' visit cannot be exaggerated; it will be productive of the most happy results. A despatch received here the day before yesterday announced that the Pope had left Ancona on the 23rd. The longest sojourn of his Holiness will be at Bologna, where he will take up his residence in the beautiful villa of San Michel in Bosco, which belongs to the State.

King Louis of Bavaria is now at Rome, at the Villa Malta, which is his property. He will pass two weeks in the capital of the Catholic world.

It is an old saying that every road leads to Rome, and if such be the case it is not difficult to find one which will bring us back to Paris. The Emperor and Empress, with the King of Bavaria, have found their way back from Fontainebleau; they will go to Saint Cloud in a day or two and there pass the month of June. Prince Napoleon has returned from his visit to Berlin and Dresden, and there is some talk of his speedy departure for Turin to visit King Victor Emmanuel. It is bruited that the motive of the visit is the effecting a reconciliation between the Sardinian Monarch and the Emperor of Austria, but as to the correctness of the rumor your correspondent further saith not, for the present.

King Maximilian continues to take an interest in objects of art and curiosities, historical, scientific and antiquarian. Among the many objects which attract the attention of our titled guests, the one which is looked upon with the greatest interest is the celebrated Talisman of Charlemagne, which was found in the hero's tomb at Aix-la-Chapelle and presented to Napoleon I. by the clergy of that city. This historical relic is formed of two large sapphires, between which is placed a cross made of a piece of the True Cross, that Irene, the Athenian Empress of Constantinople and wife of Leo IV., sent with great ceremony to Charlemagne. The whole is surrounded by a ring of gold incrusted with precious stones. Charlemagne wore this talisman, hung round his neck by a golden chain, in every battle he fought after having received it.

AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

Paterson, N. J.—We have appointed Mr. Bernard O'Neill, 81 Congress street, Patterson, our agent for that place.

Troy, N. Y.—S. F. Hoyt, River street, (near the Troy House.) will act as our agent in Troy.

Trenton, N. J.—William P. P. Cantwell will act as our agent in Trenton. He has a good stock of Catholic books for sale.

Chicago, Ill.—P. T. Sherlock is our agent here; he keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of our Books and Foreign Literature, He will also supply canvassers with the works of Gerald Griffin, the Life of Christ, new edition, beautifully illustrated, the Life of the Blessed Virgin, Lives of Saints, Bible, &c., all illustrated.

St. Louis, Mo.—P. J. Fallon will act as our agent in this city. Our friends can always find a full assortment of Books, and all the other Catholic Publications in the country in his store.

Pittsburg, Pa.—We have appointed Miss Margaret McKenna our agent in this city, where our friends can always find the Tablet, with our Publications, at New York prices.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Our numerous friends in the City of Brotherly Love can be supplied with the Tablet by P. J. Cunningham. He also has on hand a large assortment of Catholic Books.

Providence, R. I.—Mr. John Whitney will act as our agent in this place. He keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of our Books.

DEATH OF LORD RAGLAN—WAS IT BY POISON?

Buffalo, June 11, 1857.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

Sir:—The suicide of the two noble Britons, Stalker and Etheridge, Commanders-in-Chief of the Persian expedition, referred to in your last number, affords me the occasion of unravelling the mystery, which up to this day has enveloped the death of Lord Raglan. It must not be attributed to cholera as has been reported, but to a violent quarrel with General Pelissier, which would have necessitated him either to kill himself, or bear the stigma which his conduct in the attack of June 18th, 1855, merited. I give you the account of this affair as I have received it from one of the officers of General Pelissier's staff.

As every one knows the general assault made on Sebastopol on the 18th of June was most disastrous to the French army; I know some regiments that were entirely destroyed under the cross fire of the forts and of the ships anchored in the harbor. This day was destructive to our troops; we lost, on this occasion, according to several officers, more than ten thousand men in less than the half hour during which the fight lasted. This did not prevent our Zouaves, however, from planting the French standard on the Malakoff, thus proving to the whole world that if the attack had been made throughout the whole line, the diversion made on another point would have prevented the enemy from destroying our heroes on the very walls of this so-called impregnable fortress.

But while the French columns left their trenches, and mounted to the assault at the signal from the General-in-Chief, the English army did not stir. Pelissier, from his elevated point of observation, seeing his troops disappearing before the numbers of the Russians who abandoned the other posts to defend the Malakoff, called his aide-de-camp Cassaigne.

"Cassaigne," said he, "go and see what those English clowns are *fumbling* about." Cassaigne galloped off immediately to the quarters of the latter, and seeing that they did not intend to take part in the action, he returned in full speed to the Commander-in-Chief.

"My horse," exclaimed Pelissier, transported with rage, and in a moment after through bomb-shells and grape shot he arrived at the tent of Lord Raglan.

"What are you fumbling about that you do not mount to the assault?"

"But, General," replied Raglan, "you see it would be leading my soldiers to be slaughtered."

"Base coward, do I not lead mine?"

At this epithet of coward, Lord Raglan, in rage, grasped his sword.

"It is not with a sword," cried Pelissier, "that cowards should be punished, but with a whip, and so saying, he struck Raglan violently in the face with the one he carried in his hand. "To-day," he continued, "is a second Waterloo for the French army; we must sound the retreat," and straightway he returned to his staff, and gave his orders to save the troops engaged in the attack.

Entering his tent, he sent for Lord Raglan's chief officer, who came to him forthwith.

"Go," said he, "write by telegraph to your government that I demand the immediate dismissal of Lord Raglan, or I will deliver up the English nation to the contempt of the whole world, by an exposure of its cowardice; and if you are not satisfied you can evacuate the Crimea when you please; I do not need your aid to take Sebastapol."

The English officer whose name I have forgotten, but which could be easily discovered by looking over the statistics, then besought Pelissier to keep an eternal silence about what had happened, promising him to obtain all he desired from his government. In fact, some days after the telegraph, which, at ten o'clock at night had announced at the quarters of the English General the dismissal of Lord Raglan, brought us the next day the news of the death of this General by cholera during the same night; there was not at that time a single case of cholera among the 129,000 men who composed the effective of the allied armies: the belief is that he had poisoned himself. It is a fact avowed by the English officers themselves, but they kept it secret to save the honor of the nation. Accept, Sir, the assurance of the profound respect with which I have the honor to be your humble servant,

A French Subscriber.

CITY NEWS.

Meeting of the Erina Society.—There was a special meeting of this Society, held at their rooms 839 Broadway, on Wednesday evening, June 10th. At 8 1-2 o'clock the President, W. R. Roberts, Esq., took the chair, and called the meeting to order. Mr. Joseph B. Tully acted as Secretary *pro tem.*. Several matters of importance, relating to the business of the Society, were brought up, discussed, and passed upon; after which Mr. Roberts rose and said, that owing to a press of private business, he was unable to continue any longer as President, and, therefore tendered his resignation. Although strongly urged to retain the position, he could not be influenced to do so. Mr. Joseph McGuire, Treasurer, was then almost unanimously elected President, vice Roberts, and Mr. P. J. Mathus, Treasurer, vice McGuire, elected President. A vote of thanks, proposed by Mr. D. Quinn, and passed unanimously, was given to Mr. Roberts for the excellent manner in which he had presided over the meetings of the Erina Society since his election.

Confirmation and First Communion in the Church of St. F. Xavier.—On Thursday, the 4th instant, the Most Reverend Archbishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in the Church of St. Francis Xavier to four hundred and eighty-eight children and adults. Among the latter were several converts. The number of those who received Holy Communion for the first time amounted to four hundred and fifty.

Extensive Robbery.—George de la Vege, a Cuban and chief of police in Havana, came to the city last week and put up at a Hotel, No. 43 Walker street. While absent from his rooms shortly after his arrival, a thief effected an entrance and relieved him of the entire of his cash, amounting to twenty thousand dollars in doubloons and three hundred dollars in silver. On ascertaining his loss, he gave the alarm and questioned the inmates of the Hotel about the matter, but without effecting anything that may lead to a discovery. His next step was to proceed to the office of the Chief of Police in the Park and inform the officers of his loss, but it was not till after a long delay that any efforts were made to hunt up the thief. The unlucky Cuban has offered a reward of five thousand dollars for such information as may lead to a discovery.

Just and Benevolent.—A project is on foot in order to provide a home for such of the veterans of the war of 1812–13 as stand in its need. Many of those men are in the Alms House, and others are laboring under the infirmities of old age, so that they are unable to engage in any business that would yield them a livelihood. We entreat no time may be lost in furnishing those old defenders of the country with comfortable and decent homes, in which to spend the remainder of their days. It is charged against Republics that they are ungrateful. Let us take heed lest we fall strictly under this imputation.

Heavy Amount of Specie.—The Arabia which left this port on Wednesday, the 10th inst., for Liverpool, carried out the large amount of two millions two hundred and sixty-five thousand two hundred and twenty-four dollars in specie. This was the largest shipment of hard cash ever made from this port. We need scarcely observe that this money is sent off to pay for dry goods, hardware, silks, laces, jewelry and a variety of French finery.

Death's Doings.—Quite a number of well known citizens have died within the week. Amongst the number are to be found the names of John C. Stevens of Hoboken, a millionaire, in the seventy-second year of his age; Joseph S. Taylor, Street Commissioner; and Dr. Alexander Vache, a well known and highly respected citizen, formerly Resident Physician at the Marine Hospital, Staten Island.

Fillibusters.—Sixty-seven persons, men and boys all counted, assembled in an obscure room somewhere in Canal St. on Thursday evening last, for the purpose of making arrangements to give Walker a public reception in this city. The morning papers thought it scarcely worth while to report the proceedings; so the world is likely to be left in ignorance of what transpired. Oh, foolish brood of men and boys!

Distinguished Visitors.—Governor Floyd, Secretary of War, and Col. Ben. McCulloch of the Texan Rangers, were both in town last week.

New Comers.—Seventy-two thousand emigrants have arrived in this city since the first of January last.

The Meat Market.—There was a large number of cattle offered for sale on last market day, but without bringing down prices to any extent worth speaking about. Fruit, eggs, butter, and fish are becoming somewhat cheap and plenty, which will have the effect of preventing a further rise in animal food, although a decline is not expected.

City Mortality.—Three hundred and fifty-three deaths took place in this city during the past week; this is a decrease of 19 on the previous one. Of this number 255 were natives of the United States, 50 of Ireland, 26 of Germany, and 15 of England; the remainder were of various nationalities.

A destructive fire occurred on Friday night, 5th inst., in the extensive Cabinet-factory of A. Roux, Nos. 43 Mercer-street, which was burned. The flames extended to No. 39 and 41, occupied as dwelling houses. Several other buildings in the immediate neighborhood were more or less damaged. The entire loss is estimated at forty thousand dollars, the greater portion of which is said to be covered by insurance. At Wallack's Theatre, which is situated rear of where the fire took place and fronting on Broadway, the performance was suddenly brought to a close. The manager came forward and announced that, although no danger threatened the theatre or its inmates, yet he deemed it necessary to suspend the performance before any unforeseen circumstance should create a panic. This calmed the excitement of the audience, who immediately departed without bustle or confusion.

The disagreement between Mayor Wood and the new Commissioners begin to have its results. On Saturday night a violent rencontre took place in the Eleventh Ward between the police belonging to the respective parties. Clubs were freely used, and arrests made. The affair caused an intense excitement throughout the ward, and an excited crowd gathered around the station-house.

A young girl, sixteen years of age, has been missing from the residence of her parents in this city since the 6th of April last, since which time no trace can be obtained of her whereabouts. It is supposed she was enticed away by some male acquaintance. Cases of this nature are becoming painfully numerous of late, both in town and country.

A young Scotchman named Reid, twenty-two years of age committed suicide at his residence, No. 610 Sixth avenue, last week. Want of employment urged him to commit the fearful deed. Deceased was said to be highly respectable and to have received a superior education at Cambridge College, near London.

A private watchman named Fitch, employed to watch some iron on the dock foot of Stanton street, has been missing for some days. His club and cap were found on the dock; the presumption is that the man was attacked by thieves and flung into the river.

The corner stone of a new Railroad depot was laid at the corner of Third avenue and Sixty-fifth street, on the 5th inst. It is intended to be a large affair with stalls for 714 horses and room for one hundred cars, and will cost over two hundred thousand dollars.

An old lady, upward of seventy years of age, was found wandering on Friday last about the Seventeenth Ward. She gave her name as Mills, and said she came from Westchester County. She was provided with accommodations at the Station House attached to the above ward.

Ladies' hoops find but small favor in the eyes of stage proprietors. A notice was displayed in a most conspicuous manner on one of the Eight street or Tompkins Square line of stages—"For ladies wearing hoops, fare 12 1-2 cents."

Mr. Schell, the new Collector of this Port, will take charge of the duties of his office on the first of July next. There are upwards of eight thousand applicants for eleven hundred places under his control.

Judge Clerk granted a temporary injunction, restraining the Board of Commissioners from selling the State Arsenal and ground on which it is situated. The land is required for the Central Park.

Broadway has been cleaned at last from Union Square to the Battery. This was accomplished at the instance of those doing business in that street, who have consented to pay the expenses.

The ship Escort, which left this port on Friday last for Liverpool carried out one hundred and fifteen steerage passengers.

There have been 268 deaths by small-pox, in New York city, since January 1st.

RIVAL TO THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY.

[From the Jefferson City (Mo.) Enquirer.]

The following is a description of a large cave in Maries County, by M. Meyer Friede, of St. Louis, who explored it on Thursday, the 14th ult. The cave is known by the name of the Big Salt Peter Cave:

"The cave is in Maries County, 1 3-4 miles from the Gasconade River, on a creek called Cave Spring Creek. He went to the cave guided by Mr. R. H. Prewett, a young man about 25 years old, who was born and raised about a quarter of a mile from the place.

"In front of the entrance was a small stone house, which the old settlers thought was built by the Indians, but is now in ruins.

"The entrance goes straight in the rock on a level with the surrounding surface-rock, is about one hundred feet wide, and, in the center, about twenty-five feet high, arched. Messrs. Friede and Prewett entered the cave for near four hundred feet, where it narrows to about twenty-five feet wide by fifteen feet high, and presents the appearance of an ante-chamber; from there they passed into a large chamber about one hundred feet in height, where three galleries branch off; they then passed into the left gallery, which ascends near twenty feet on a bed of saltpeter. This gallery is called the Dry Gallery, and is about five hundred feet in length; the height varies from one hundred to about thirty feet. The ceiling and sides are composed of solid rock. Near the end is a large round chamber which Mr. Prewett calls the Ball-room, and that gentleman states that his father had given balls in the chamber frequently; the last was in the winter of 1850, at which time there was about eighteen or twenty persons there. They went in the morning and stopped all day, and arrived at home in the evening, cooking and eating their meals in their subterranean saloon, and had a merry time of it.

"After exploring this chamber, they retraced their steps, and passed into the right branch (or fork) of the cave, where they ascended a rise of about twelve feet, and entered into another gallery, the end of which is not known; they, however, explored it about three-fourths of a mile.

"Mr. Prewett states that he has been in this gallery over two miles, and did not get to the end of it. In this gallery the dropping of the water has formed stalactites of the most beautiful conceptions—statues of men and animals and large columns, supporting the most beautiful arches, form the ceiling, which is from fifty to one hundred feet high, which forms several chambers of various sizes. The ceiling is decorated with different groups of spar, forming a variety of figures which represent the inside of a cathedral. The size of some of these chambers is about forty feet wide by over one hundred feet high, and look like rooms in some old feudal castle.

"They were afraid their lights would give out, and, therefore, retraced their steps to the main chamber, from which they ascended the middle gallery, where a large stream of clear water issues from the interior of the cave, and has a fall of about six feet, and falls in several round marble basins. The water has a pleasant taste. The water flows all the year round, without variation, in sufficient volume to drive a mill.

"They ascended the galleries, and found themselves in several beautiful chambers, leading from one to the other, in which, however, they did not penetrate to more than six hundred feet.

"There is a strong draft of air setting in from the entrance. Inside of the cave the atmosphere was mild.

"The chambers are of unusual height and extent.

"They went in at 1 o'clock, and emerged from the cave at 3 1-2.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Cotton continues dull and drooping; the sales are only 500 bales.

Coffee—Rio has been in speculative demand. Half the New Light's cargo, embracing 2,500 bags, was taken at former rates. Java has touched a higher point. Other kinds are quiet; sales of 50 bags Rio at 11¼c., and 150 bags stained Laguayra on private terms.

Flour and Meal.—The demand for Western Canal Flour is fair, but with light arrivals, prices are sustained, especially for good State, which is not plenty. Choice extras are in good request for the local trade, and are very firm. The arrivals are light, and nothing has transpired for export. The sales are 7,200 bbls., at $6 50@$6 85 for common to good State; $6 85@$7 10 for extra do.; $6 60@$6 90 for superfine Indiana and Iowa; $7 10@$7 40 for extra do.; $7 20@$7 65 for common to good extra Ohio; $7 70@$9 for good to choice extra do.; $8@$10 50 for extra St. Louis, and $7 75@$10 for extra Genesee. Canadian Flour is in limited supply and fair demand; sales of 400 bbls. at $6 60@$6 90 for superfine, and $7 10@$8 65 for extra do. Southern Flour is in moderate supply and choice brands command higher prices; the sales are 2,000 bbls. at $7 50@$7 75 for mixed to good brands Baltimore, &c., and $7 80@$9 50 for favorite, fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is steady, the inquiry is fair, supply light; sales of 150 bbls. at $4 50@$6 25. Corn Meal is heavy; the sales are 650 bbls. at $4@$4 20 for Jersey, and about $4 40 for Brandywine, and puncheons at $18 50@$19.

Grain—There is less wheat offering, and the market is very firm, with a fair demand, in part for shipping; the sales are 500 bush. red Illinois via New Orleans, at $1 72; 4,000 bush. white Canadian fair at $1 80; 1,700 bush. do. Club at $1 47 for common; and 12,800 bush. Milwaukie Club at $1 50@$1 54. Rye is held firmly at $1 25 for Northern, but we hear of no sales. Oats are dull, and rather lower, the sales are 4,000 bush. at 63@67c. for State and Canadian; other kinds scarce. Barley and Barley Malt are scarce. Corn is 2@3c. better, and is quite unsettled at the close—the arrivals are moderate.

Hides are quiet; sales of 1,620 California at 25c., 6 months, and 1,300 Western, 22 lbs., at 21c., 6 months.

Hay—The demand is quite active for shipment, and prices are steady; sales of 400 bales at 80@90c. ₱ 100 lbs.

Provisions—The demand for Pork is more active, but at lower prices for Mess; the arrivals are moderate; the sales are 600 bbls. at $19 20@$19 25 for Prime, and $23 45@$23 50 for Mess. $20 for Prime Mess, and Clear $25 75. Beef is firmly held, and the arrivals are light, and good brands are well held; the sales are 260 bbls. at $14@$15 for Country Mess, $16 50@$17 for repacked Chicago and Cleveland, and $17 50@$18 for extra do.; Prime Mess Beef is quiet at $28@$30. Beef Hams are dull at $23@$23 50. Bacon is inactive at $13@13¾c. for Western Smoked. Cut Meats are steady; the supply moderate; sales of 75 hhds. at 10c. for Shoulders and 11@11¼c. for Hams. Lard is rather lower; the arrivals are not large; sales of 350 bbls. and tcs. at 14¼@14¾c. from dock, and 14¾c. from store. Butter is in fair demand, and is plenty, at 17@21c. for Ohio, and 18@22c. for State. Cheese is plenty and quiet, at 6@11c. Eggs are in fair request, at 14@15c. ₱ dozen.

Skins—Goat are quiet but steady. Deer are in moderate request; sales of 540 lbs. Texas at 20c., cash; 3,600 lbs. Chagres and 2,000 do. Texas and Florida on private terms.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

Office, No. 51 Chambers Street, New York.

In consequence of the great number of complaints which have for a long time been made by immigrants, of frauds committed upon them in the sending of money to their friends in Ireland; and to aid and protect the Emigrant, the Irish Emigrant Society established a fund, deposited in the Bank of Ireland, upon which they draw drafts, payable at sight on any of the branches of the Bank.

Persons residing out of the city, by enclosing in a letter the sum they wish forwarded, with the plainly written directions to whom, and where it is to be paid, will have the same remitted.

There is this great advantage in purchasing the Society's drafts—that the Bank has a branch in each of the principal towns in Ireland, and thus the losses by discount, and otherwise, are avoided.

The Society will be thankful for all early and substantial information of any fraud, imposition, or outrage, committed on emigrants, and will endeavor speedily to apply a remedy.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.

Robt. J. Dillon, Hugh Kelly, Joseph Stuart, } Vice-Presidents.

Edwd. C. Donnelly, Corresponding Secretary.
Peter Crerar, Recording Secretary.

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M. T. COZANS, President.
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EDUCATION.

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Under the Direction of the Sisters of Charity.

This INSTITUTION, the object of which is to give young girls of the middle and poorer classes an opportunity of receiving an education to fit them thoroughly to fulfil the duties of the station in which Divine Providence has placed them, opened on the 24th of November, 1856, under the special protection of the Most Rev. Archbishop.

In order to give the Pupils under their charge the full advantage of an English education, to instruct them in the duties of their Holy Faith, and, above all, to guard them under the eye of religion during the most critical period of life—from twelve to eighteen—as well as to teach them the different female trades, such as Mantuamaking, Plain Sewing, Tailoring, Making Flowers, Vestments for the Church, Embroidering, the Use of the Sewing Machine, &c., the Sisters propose generally to keep them under instruction for three years, with an entrance fee of fifty dollars.

No charge will be made to Day Scholars if they attend three years. But three dollars a quarter will be charged to those who enter the School for a shorter time.

Boarders wishing to remain in the Establishment only one year will pay fifty dollars.

For particulars apply at the Institution, No. 75 East Seventh street. mar21 tf

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

At No. 336 Plane Street,

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Parents and Guardians will find this a very proper School for Pupils to receive a thorough English and Mercantile Education. Strict attention will be paid to their moral and religious instructions. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance. A few Boarders can be admitted.

Rules and Regulations made known at the School.

oct18 tf JOHN McKINNEY, *Principal.*

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A. M. D. G.

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This College, founded and placed by the Right Reverend Benedict Joseph Fenwick, Bishop of Boston, under the care of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, beautifully situated on the heights of Worcester, commands a full view of the city and surrounding country, and is distinguished for its remarkably healthy air, and abundant supply of good water. A farm of ninety-six acres is attached to the College.

The plan of education is desired to prepare young men for an ecclesiastical, professional, or commercial state of life.

Age of admission, from nine to fifteen years. No student admitted for a less term than six months, and no deduction made, if removed before the term expires.

Terms:

The pension for the scholastic year, for Tuition, Board, and Lodging, Washing and Mending, Linen and Stockings, is	$150 00
For Half-Boarders,	100 00
For Day-Boarders,	50 00
Use of Philosophical Instruments,	10 00
Graduation Fees,	10 00
For such Students as may spend their vacations at the College, an extra charge will be made, of	20 00

The following items are extra charges: the German, Spanish, and Italian languages, Music, Drawing, Painting, Dancing, Fencing, and Medical attendance.

All charges must be paid half yearly in *advance*. Should any defer for the space of *one month* to pay in advance, the President of the College is directed to remove their sons or wards from the Institution.

No advance for clothing or other expenses will be made by the College, unless a deposit be left with the Treasurer for the purpose.

Every student must be provided with the uniform, namely: black frock coat or jacket, white pantaloons and vest in Summer, blue pantaloons and dark vest in Winter. No student is to visit out of the College without his uniform. All must be provided with two suits for daily wear, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, six handkerchiefs, three pairs of shoes or boots, great coat or cloak. Each student must also be provided with a silver spoon.

Regular accounts of board, tuition, will be sent every six months in advance. It is earnestly requested that immediate remittances be made to the full amount.

PETER J. BLENKINSOP, S.J.,
President.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

Wilmington, Delaware.

This Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is	$350
For Students not learning Greek or Latin	125
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra	15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum	20
Music, per annum	40
Use of Piano, per annum	8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

This Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

Terms.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance*.

Classical Course per session of ten months	$1 75
Commercial " "	1 50

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
n6 3m President.

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For further information apply at the Institution.

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President.

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Terms:—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Stages leave railroad at Newark for Belleville, 3 miles off, at 9½ A. M., and 4½ P. M.

Mr. Smith has my warm approval and recommendation. (Signed,) J. HOGAN
ap11 3m Catholic Pastor.

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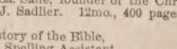
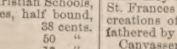
1857.   **1857.**

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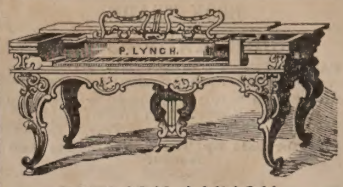

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